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THE COMPLETE ANGLER 1653

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WITH A PREFACE BY

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

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THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER;

OR,

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION.

BY ISAAK WALTON.

BEING A

Facsimile Reprint of the First Edition published in 1653. With a Preface by

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

LONDON:
ELLIOT STOCK.
NEW YORK:
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY.
1897.

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PREFACE.

THE "first edition" has been a favourite theme for the scorn of those who love it not. "The first edition—and the worst!" gibes a modern poet, and many are the true lovers of literature entirely insensitive to the accessory, historical or sentimental, associations of books. The present writer possesses a copy of one of Walton's Lives, that of Bishop Sanderson, with the author's donatory inscription to a friend upon the title-page. To keep this in his little library he has undergone willingly many privations, cheerfully faced hunger and cold rather than let it pass from his hand; yet, how often when, tremulously, he has unveiled this treasure to his visitors, how often has it been examined with undilating eyes, ana cold, unenvious hearts! Yet so he must confess himself to have looked upon a friend's superb first edition of "Pickwick," though surely not without that measure of interest which all, save the quite unlettered or unintelligent, must feel in seeing the first visible shape of a book of such resounding significance in English literature.

Such interest may, without fear of denial, be claimed for a facsimile of the first edition of "The Compleat Angler," after "Robinson Crusoe" perhaps the most popular of English classics. Thomas Westwood, whose

gentle poetry, it is to be feared, has won but few listeners, has drawn this fancy picture of the commotion in St. Dunstan's Churchyard on a May morning of the year 1653, *when Richard Marriott first published the famous discourse, little dreaming that he had been chosen for the godfather of so distinguished an immortality. The lines form an epilogue to twelve beautiful sonnets* à propos *of the bi-centenary of Walton's death:*

> "*What, not a word for thee, O little tome,*
> *Brown-jerkined, friendly-faced—of all my books*
> *The one that wears the quaintest, kindliest looks—*
> *Seems most completely, cosily at home*
> *Amongst its fellows. Ah! if thou couldst tell*
> *Thy story—how, in sixteen fifty-three,*
> *Good Master Marriott, standing at its door,*
> *Saw Anglers hurrying—fifty—nay, three score,*
> *To buy thee ere noon pealed from Dunstan's bell:—*
> *And how he stared and . . . shook his sides with glee.*
> *One story, this, which fact or fiction weaves.*
> *Meanwhile, adorn my shelf, beloved of all—*
> *Old book! with lavender between thy leaves,*
> *And twenty ballads round thee on the wall.*"

Whether there was quite such a rush as this on its publishing day we have no certain knowledge, though Westwood, in his "Chronicle of the Compleat Angler," speaks of "the almost immediate sale of the entire edition." According to Sir Harris Nicolas, it was thus advertised in The Perfect Diurnall: from Monday, May 9th, to Monday, May 16th, 1653:

"*The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers, of* 18 *pence price. Written by Iz. Wa. Also the*

known Play of the Spanish Gipsee, never till now published: Both printed for Richard Marriot, to be sold at his shop iu Saint Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet street."

And it was thus calmly, unexcitedly noticed in the Mercurius Politicus: from Thursday, May 12, to Thursday, May 19, 1653: "*There is newly extant, a Book of* 18d. *price, called the Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers. Printed for Richard Marriot, to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet street."*

Thus for it, as for most great births, the bare announcement sufficed. One of the most beautiful of the world's books had been born into the world, and was still to be bought in its birthday form—for eighteen-pence.

In 1816, *Mr. Marston calculates, the market value was about* £4 4*s*. *In* 1847 *Dr. Bethune estimated it at* £12 12*s*. *In* 1883 *Westwood reckoned it "from* £70 *to* £80 *or even more," and since then copies have fetched* £235 *and* £310, *though in* 1894 *we have a sudden drop at Sotheby's to* £150 *—which, however, was more likely due to the state of the copy than to any diminution in the zeal of Waltonian collectors, a zeal, indeed, which burns more ardently from year to year.*

Sufficiently out of reach of the poor collector as it is at present, it is probable that it will mount still higher, and consent only to belong to richer and richer men. And thus, in course of time, this facsimile will, in clerical language, find an increasing sphere of

usefulness; for it is to those who have more instant demands to satisfy with their hundred-pound notes that this facsimile is designed to bring consolation. If it is not the rose itself, it is a photographic reflection of it, and it will undoubtedly give its possessor a sufficiently faithful idea of its original.

But, apart from the satisfaction of such curiosity, the facsimile has a literary value, in that it differs very materially from succeeding editions. The text by which "The Compleat Angler" is generally known is that of the fifth edition, published in 1676, *the last which Walton corrected and finally revised, seven years before his death. But in the second edition* (1655) *the book was already very near to its final shape, for Walton had enlarged it by about a third, and the dialogue was now sustained by three persons, Piscator, Venator and Auceps, instead of two—the original "Viator" also having changed his name to "Venator." Those interested in tracing the changes will find them all laboriously noted in Sir Harris Nicolas's great edition. Of the further additions made in the fifth edition, Sir Harris Nicolas makes this just criticism: "It is questionable," he says, "whether the additions which he then made to it have increased its interest. The garrulity and sentiments of an octogenarian are very apparent in some of the alterations; and the subdued colouring of religious feeling which prevails throughout the former editions, and forms one of the charms of the piece, is, in this impression, so much heightened as to become almost obtrusive."*

There is a third raison d'être *for this facsimile, which to name with approbation will no doubt seem*

impiety to many, but which, as a personal predilection, I venture to risk—there is no Cotton! The relation between Walton and Cotton is a charming incongruity to contemplate, and one stands by their little fishing-house in Dovedale as before an altar of friendship. Happy and pleasant in their lives, it is good to see them still undivided in their deaths—but, to my mind, their association between the boards of the same book mars a charming classic. No doubt Cotton has admirably caught the spirit of his master, but the very cleverness with which he has done it increases the sense of parody with which his portion of the book always offends me. Nor can I be the only reader of the book for whom it ends with that gentle benediction —"And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his providence, and be quiet, and go a Angling"—and that sweet exhortation from 1 *Thess. iv.* 11—"*Study to be quiet.*"

After the exquisite quietism of this farewell, it is distracting to come precipitately upon the fine gentleman with the great wig and the Frenchified airs. This is nothing against "hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton's strain," of which, in Walton's own setting and in his own poetical issues, I am a sufficient admirer. Cotton was a clever literary man, and a fine engaging figure of a gentleman, but, save by the accident of friendship, he has little more claim to be printed along with Walton than the gallant Col. Robert Venables, who, in the fifth edition, contributed still a third part, entitled "The Experienc'd Angler: or, Angling Improv'd. Being a General Discourse of Angling," etc., to a book that was immortally complete in its first.

While "The Compleat Angler" was regarded mainly as a text-book for practical anglers, one can understand its publisher wishing to make it as complete as possible by the addition of such technical appendices; but now, when it has so long been elevated above such literary drudgery, there is no further need for their perpetuation. For I imagine that the men to-day who really catch fish, as distinguished from the men who write sentimentally about angling, would as soon think of consulting Izaak Walton as they would Dame Juliana Berners. But anyone can catch fish —can he, do you say?—the thing is to have so written about catching them that your book is a pastoral, the freshness of which a hundred editions have left unexhausted,—a book in which the grass is for ever green, and the shining brooks do indeed go on for ever.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Being a Discourse of

FISH and FISHING,

Not unworthy the perusal of most *Anglers.*

Simon Peter *said, I go a* fishing: *and they said, We also will go with thee.* John 21.3.

London, Printed by *T. Maxey* for RICH. MARRIOT, in *S. Dunstan* Churchyard Fleetstreet, 1653.

To the Right Worshipful

JOHN OFFLEY

Of MADELY Manor in the County of *Stafford*, Esq;

My most honoured Friend.

SIR,

I Have made so ill use of your former favors, as by them to be encouraged to intreat that they may be enlarged to the patronage *and* protection *of this Book; and I have put on a modest confidence,*

that I ſhall not be denyed, becauſe 'tis a diſcourſe of Fiſh *and* Fiſhing, *which you both know ſo well, and love and practice ſo much.*

You are aſſur'd (though there be ignorant men of an other belief) that Angling *is an Art; and you know that Art better then any that I know: and that this is truth, is demõſtrated by the fruits of that pleaſant labor which you enjoy when you purpoſe to give reſt to your mind, and deveſt your ſelf of your*

more

more ſerious buſineß, and (which is often) dedicate a day or two to this Recreation.

At which time, if common Anglers ſhould attend you, and be eye-witneſſes of the ſucceſs, not of your fortune, but your skill, it would doubtleß beget in them an emulation to be like you, and that emulation might beget an induſtrious diligence to be ſo: but I know it is not attainable by common capacities.

Sir, this pleaſant curioſitie of Fiſh and Fiſhing (of wch you are ſo great a Maſter) has been thought worthy the pens *and* practices *of divers in other Nations, which have been reputed men of great* Learning *and* Wiſdome; *and amongſt thoſe of this Nation, I remember Sir* Henry Wotton (*a dear lover of this Art*) *has told me, that his intentions were to write a diſcourſe of the Art, and in the praiſe of* Angling, *and doubtleſs*

doubtleſs he had done ſo, if death had not prevented him; the remembrance of which hath often made me ſorry; for, if he had lived to do it, then the unlearned Angler (*of which I am one*) *had ſeen ſome Treatiſe of this Art worthy his peruſal, which (though ſome have undertaken it) I could never yet ſee in Engliſh.*

But mine may be thought as weak *and as* unworthy *of common view: and I do here freely confeß, that I*

should rather excuse my self, then censure others my own Discourse being liable to so many exceptions; against which, you (Sir) might make this one, That it can contribute nothing to your knowledge; *and lest a longer Epistle may diminish your pleasure, I shal not adventure to make this Epistle longer then to add this following truth,* That I am really, Sir,

Your most affectionate Friend,
and most humble Servant,

Iz. Wa.

TO THE
Reader of this Discourse:

But especially,
To the honest ANGLER.

I Think fit to tell thee these following truths; that I did not undertake to write, or to publish this discourse of *fish* and *fishing*, to please myself, and that I wish it may not displease others; for, I have confest there are many defects in it. And yet, I cannot doubt, but that by it, some readers may receive so much *profit* or *pleasure*, as if they be not very busie men, may make it not unworthy the time of their perusall; and this is all the confidence that I can

put

put on concerning the merit of this Book.

And I wiſh the Reader alſo to take notice, that in writing of it, I have made a recreation, of a recreation; and that it might prove ſo to thee in the reading, and not to read *dull*, and *tediouſly*, I have in ſeverall places mixt ſome innocent Mirth; of which, if thou be a ſevere, ſowr complexioned man, then I here diſallow thee to be a competent Judg. For Divines ſay, *there are offences given*; and *offences taken, but not given.* And I am the willinger to juſtifie this *innocent Mirth*, becauſe the whole diſcourſe is a kind of picture of my owne diſpoſition, at leaſt of my diſpoſition in ſuch daies and times as I allow my ſelf, when honeſt *Nat.* and *R. R.* and I go a fiſhing together; and let me adde this, that he that likes not the diſcourſe, ſhould like the pictures of the *Trout*

and

and other fiſh, which I may commend, becauſe they concern not my ſelf.

And I am alſo to tel the Reader, that in that which is the more uſefull part of this diſcourſe; that is to ſay, the obſervations of the *nature* and *breeding*, and *ſeaſons*, and *catching of fiſh*, I am not ſo ſimple as not to think but that he may find exceptions in ſome of theſe; and therefore I muſt intreat him to know, or rather note, that ſeverall Countreys, and ſeveral Rivers alter the *time* and *manner* of fiſhes Breeding; and therefore if he bring not candor to the reading of this Diſcourſe, he ſhall both injure me, and poſſibly himſelf too by too many Criticiſms.

Now for the Art of catching fiſh; that is to ſay, how to make a man that was none, an Angler by a book: he that undertakes it, ſhall undertake a harder task then *Hales*, that

that in his printed Book * undertook by it to teach the Art of Fencing, and was laught at for his labour. Not but that ſomething uſefull might be obſerved out of that Book; but that Art was not to be taught by words; nor is the Art of Angling. And yet, I think, that moſt that love that Game, may here learn ſomething that may be worth their money, if they be not needy: and if they be, then my advice is, that they forbear; for, I write not to get money, but for pleaſure; and this diſcourſe boaſts of no more: for I hate to promiſe much, and fail.

* Called the private School of defence.

But pleaſure I have found both in the *ſearch* and *conference* about what is here offered to thy view and cenſure; I wiſh thee as much in the peruſal of it, and ſo might here take my leave; but I will ſtay thee a little longer by telling thee, that whereas it is ſaid by many, that in *Fly-fiſhing* for

for a *Trout*, the Angler must observe his twelve Flyes for every Month; I say, if he observe that, he shall be as certain to catch fish, as they that make Hay by the fair dayes in Almanacks, and be no surer: for doubtless, three or four *Flyes* rightly made, do serve for a *Trout* all *Summer*; and for *Winter-flies*, all *Angers* know, they are as useful as an *Almanack* out of date.

Of these (because no man is born an *Artist* nor an *Angler*) I thought fit to give thee this notice. I might say more, but it is not fit for this place; but if this Discourse which follows shall come to a second impression, which is possible, for slight books have been in this Age observed to have that fortune; I shall then for thy sake be glad to correct what is faulty, or by a conference with any to explain or enlarge what is defective: but for this time I have neither a wil-

a willingneſs nor leaſure to ſay more, then wiſh thee a *rainy evening* to read this book in, and *that the eaſt wind may never blow when thou goeſt a fiſhing.* Farewel.

Iz. Wa.

BEcauſe in this Diſcourſe of *Fiſh* and *Fiſhing* I have not obſerved a method, which (though the Diſcourſe be not long) may be ſome inconvenience to the Reader, I have therefore for his eaſier finding out ſome particular things which are ſpoken of, made this following Table.

The firſt Chapter is ſpent in a vindication *or* commendation *of the Art of* Angling.

In the ſecond are ſome obſervations of the nature of the Otter, *and alſo ſome obſervations of the* Chub *or* Cheven, *with directions how and with what baits to* fiſh *for him.*

In chapt. 3. *are ſome obſervations of* Trouts, *both of their* nature, *their* kinds, *and their* breeding.

In chap. 4. *are ſome direction concerning baits for the* Trout, *with adviſe how to make the* Fly, *and keep the live baits.*

In chap. 5. *are ſome direction how to fiſh for the* Trout *by night*; *and a queſtion, Whether fiſh hear? and laſtly, ſome direction how to fiſh for the* Umber *or* Greyling.

In chap. 6. *are ſome obſervations concerning the* Salmon, *with direction how to* fiſh *for him.*

In chap. 7. *are ſeveral obſervations concerning the* Luce *or* Pike, *with ſome directions how and with what baits to fiſh for him.*

In chap. 8. *are ſeveral obſervations of the nature*

and

and breeding of Carps, *with some observations how to* angle *for them.*

In chap. 9. *are some observations concerning the* Bream, *the* Tench, *and* Pearch, *with some directions with what baits to* fish *for them.*

In chap. 10. *are several observations of the* nature *and* breeding *of* Eeles, *with advice how to fish for them*

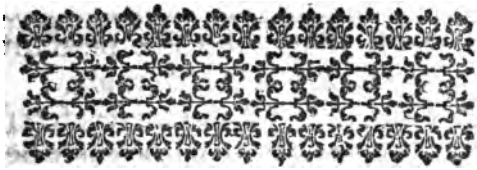
In chap. 11 *are some observations of the nature and breeding of* Barbels, *with some advice how, and with what baits to fish for them*; *as also for the* Gudgion *and* Bleak.

In chap. 12. *are general directions how and with what baits to fish for the* Ruffe *or* Pope, *the* Roch, *the* Dace, *and other smal fish, with directions how to keep* Ant-flies *and* Gentles *in winter, with some other observations not unfit to be known of* Anglers.

In chap. 13. *are observations for the colouring of your* Rod *and* Hair.

These directions the Reader may take as an ease in his search after some particular Fish, and the baits proper for them; and he will shew himselfe courteous in mending or passing by some errors in the Printer, which are not so many but that they may be pardoned.

The



The Complete ANGLER.

OR, The contemplative Mans RECREATION.

{PISCATOR.
{VIATOR.

Piſcator.

Ou are wel overtaken Sir; a good morning to you; I have ſtretch'd my legs up *Totnam Hil* to overtake you, hoping

your buſineſſe may occaſion you towards *Ware*, this fine pleaſant freſh *May day* in the Morning.

Viator. Sir, I ſhall almoſt anſwer your hopes: for my purpoſe is to be at *Hodſden* (three miles ſhort of that Town) I wil not ſay, before I drink; but before I break my faſt: for I have appointed a friend or two to meet me there at the *thatcht houſe*, about nine of the clock this morning; and that made me ſo early up, and indeed, to walk ſo faſt.

Piſc. Sir, I know the *thatcht houſe* very well: I often make it my reſting place, and taſte a cup of Ale there, for which liquor that place is very remarkable; and to that houſe I ſhall by your favour accompany you, and either abate of my pace, or mend it, to enjoy ſuch a companion as you ſeem to be, knowing that (as the Italians ſay) *Good company makes the way ſeem ſhorter.*

Viat. It may do ſo Sir, with the help

help of good diſcourſe, which (me thinks) I may promiſe from you, that both look and ſpeak ſo chearfully. And to invite you to it, I do here promiſe you, that for my part, I will be as free and open-hearted, as diſcretion will warrant me to be with a ſtranger.

Piſc. Sir, I am right glad of your anſwer; and in confidence that you ſpeak the truth, I ſhall (Sir) put on a boldneſſe to ask, whether pleaſure or buſineſſe has occaſioned your Journey.

Viat. Indeed, Sir, a little buſineſſe, and more pleaſure: for my purpoſe is to beſtow a day or two in hunting the *Otter* (which my friend that I go to meet, tells me is more pleaſant then any hunting whatſoever:) and having diſpatcht a little buſineſſe this day, my purpoſe is to morrow to follow a pack of dogs of honeſt Mr. —— ——, who hath appointed me and my friend to

meet him upon *Amwel hill* to morrow morning by day break.

Pisc. Sir, my fortune hath anſwered my deſires; and my purpoſe is to beſtow a day or two in helping to deſtroy ſome of thoſe villanous vermin: for I hate them perfectly, becauſe they love fiſh ſo well, or rather, becauſe they deſtroy ſo much: indeed, ſo much, that in my judgment, all men that keep Otter dogs ought to have a Penſion from the Commonwealth to incourage them to deſtroy the very breed of thoſe baſe *Otters*, they do ſo much miſchief.

Viat. But what ſay you to the *Foxes* of this Nation? would not you as willingly have them deſtroyed? for doubtleſſe they do as much miſchief as the *Otters*.

Piſc. Oh Sir, if they do, it is not ſo much to me and my Fraternitie, as that baſe Vermin the *Otters* do.

Viat. Why Sir, I pray, of what Fra-

Fraternity are you, that you are ſo angry with the poor *Otter?*

Piſ. I am a Brother of the *Angle*, and therefore an enemy to the *Otter*, he does me and my friends ſo much miſchief; for you are to know, that we *Anglers* all love one another: and therefore do I hate the *Otter* perfectly, even for their ſakes that are of my Brotherhood.

Viat. Sir, to be plain with you, I am ſorry you are an *Angler:* for I have heard many grave, ſerious men pitie, and many pleaſant men ſcoffe at *Anglers.*

Piſc. Sir, There are many men that are by others taken to be ſerious grave men, which we contemn and pitie; men of ſowre complexions; mony-getting-men, that ſpend all their time firſt in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it: men that are condemn'd to be rich, and alwayes diſcontented, or buſie. For theſe poor-rich-men, wee Anglers

pitie them; and ſtand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think our ſelves happie: For (truſt me, Sir) we enjoy a contentedneſſe above the reach of ſuch diſpoſitions.

And as for any ſcoffer, *qui mockat mockabitur.* Let mee tell you, (that you may tell him) what the wittie French-man ſayes in ſuch a Caſe. *When my* Cat *and I entertaine each other with mutuall apiſh tricks (as playing with a garter,) who knows but that I make her more ſport then ſhe makes me? Shall I conclude her ſimple, that has her time to begin or refuſe ſportiveneſſe as freely as I my ſelf have? Nay, who knows but that our agreeing no better, is the defect of my not underſtanding her language? (for doubtleſſe Cats talk and reaſon with one another) and that ſhee laughs at, and cenſures my folly, for making her ſport, and pities mee for underſtanding her no better?* To this purpoſe ſpeaks *Mountagne* concerning

The Lord Mountagne in his Apol. for Ra-Sebond.

ning *Cats:* And I hope I may take as great a libertie to blame any Scoffer, that has never heard what an Angler can ſay in the iuſtification of his Art and Pleaſure.

But, if this ſatisfie not, I pray bid the Scoffer put this Epigram into his pocket, and read it every morning for his breakfaſt (for I wiſh him no better;) Hee ſhall finde it fix'd before the Dialogues of *Lucian* (who may be juſtly accounted the father of the Family of all *Scoffers:)* And though I owe none of that Fraternitie ſo much as good will, yet I have taken a little pleaſant pains to make ſuch a converſion of it as may make it the fitter for all of that Fraternity.

Lucian *well skill'd in* ſcoffing, *this has writ,*
Friend, that's your folly which you think your wit:
This you vent oft, void both of wit *and* fear,
Meaning an other, when your ſelf you jeer.

But no more of the *Scoffer*; for ſince *Solomon* ſayes, he is an abomination to men, he ſhall be ſo to me; and I think, to all that love *Vertue* and *Angling*.

Viat. Sir, you have almoſt amazed me: for though I am no Scoffer, yet I have (I pray let me ſpeak it without offence) alwayes look'd upon *Anglers* as more patient, and more ſimple men, then (I fear) I ſhall finde you to be.

Pro. 24. 9.

Piſcat. Sir, I hope you will not judge my earneſtneſſe to be impatience: and for my *ſimplicitie*, if by that you mean a *harmleſneſſe*, or that *ſimplicity* that was uſually found in the Primitive Chriſtians, who were (as moſt *Anglers* are) quiet men, and followed peace; men that were too wiſe to ſell their conſciences to buy riches for vexation, and a fear to die. Men that lived in thoſe times when there were fewer Lawyers; for then a Lordſhip might have

have been ſafely conveyed in a piece of Parchment no bigger then your hand, though ſeveral skins are not ſufficient to do it in this wiſer Age. I ſay, Sir, if you take us Anglers to be ſuch ſimple men as I have ſpoken of, then both my ſelf, and thoſe of my profeſſion will be glad to be ſo underſtood. But if by ſimplicitie you meant to expreſſe any general defect in the underſtanding of thoſe that profeſſe and practiſe *Angling*, I hope to make it appear to you, that there is ſo much contrary reaſon (if you have but the patience to hear it) as may remove all the anticipations that Time or Diſcourſe may have poſſeſſ'd you with, againſt that Ancient and laudable Art.

Viat. Why (Sir) is Angling of Antiquitie, and an Art, and an art not eaſily learn'd?

Piſc. Yes (Sir:) and I doubt not but that if you and I were to converſe

verſe together but till night, I ſhould leave you poſſeſſ'd with the ſame happie thoughts that now poſſeſſe me; not onely for the Antiquitie of it, but that it deſerves commendations; and that 'tis an Art; and worthy the knowledge and practice of a wiſe, and a ſerious man.

Viat. Sir, I pray ſpeak of them what you ſhall think fit; for wee have yet five miles to walk before wee ſhall come to the *Thatcht houſe.* And, Sir, though my infirmities are many, yet I dare promiſe you, that both my patience and attention will indure to hear what you will ſay till wee come thither: and if you pleaſe to begin in order with the antiquity, when that is done, you ſhall not want my attention to the commendations and accommodations of it: and laſtly, if you ſhall convince me that 'tis an Art, and an Art worth learning

ing, I ſhall beg I may become your Scholer, both to wait upon you, and to be inſtructed in the Art it ſelf.

Piſc. Oh Sir, 'tis not to be queſtioned, but that it is an art, and an art worth your Learning: the queſtion wil rather be, whether you be capable of learning it? For he that learns it, muſt not onely bring an enquiring, ſearching, and diſcerning wit; but he muſt bring alſo that *patience* you talk of, and a love and propenſity to the art it ſelf: but having once got and practiſed it, then doubt not but the Art will (both for the pleaſure and profit of it) prove like to *Vertue, a reward to it ſelf.*

Viat. Sir, I am now become ſo ful of expectation, that I long much to have you proceed in your diſcourſe: And firſt, I pray Sir, let me hear concerning the antiquity of it.

Piſc.

Pisc. Sir, I wil preface no longer, but proceed in order as you desire me: And first for the Antiquity of *Angling*, I shall not say much; but onely this; Some say, it is as ancient as *Deucalions* Floud: and others (which I like better) say, that *Belus* (who was the inventer of godly and vertuous Recreations) was the Inventer of it: and some others say, (for former times have had their Disquisitions about it) that *Seth*, one of the sons of *Adam*, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to Posterity. Others say, that he left it engraven on those Pillars which hee erected to preserve the knowledge of the *Mathematicks*, *Musick*, and the rest of those precious Arts, which by Gods appointment or allowance, and his noble industry were thereby preserved from perishing in *Noah's* Floud.

J. Da.

Jer. Mar

These (my worthy Friend) have been the opinions of some men, that pos-

possibly may have endeavoured to make it more ancient then may well be warranted. But for my part, I shall content my self in telling you, That *Angling* is much more ancient then the incarnation of our Saviour: For both in the Prophet *Amos*, and before him in *Job*, (which last Book is judged to be written by *Moses*) mention is made of *fish-hooks*, which must imply *Anglers* in those times.

Chap. 4. 2.

Chap. 41.

But (my worthy friend) as I would rather prove my self to be a Gentleman, by being *learned* and *humble*, *valiant* and *inoffensive*, *vertuous* and *communicable*, then by a fond ostentation of *riches*; or (wanting these Vertues my self) boast that these were in my Ancestors; [And yet I confesse, that where a noble and ancient Descent and such Merits meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person:] and so, if this Antiquitie of Angling (which, for my part, I have not forc'd) shall,

like

like an ancient Familie, by either an honour, or an ornament to this vertuous Art which I both love and practiſe, I ſhall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of it; and ſhall proceed to the juſtification, or rather commendation of it.

Viat. My worthy Friend, I am much pleaſed with your diſcourſe, for that you ſeem to be ſo ingenuous, and ſo modeſt, as not to ſtretch arguments into Hyperbolicall expreſſions, but ſuch as indeed they will reaſonably bear; and I pray, proceed to the juſtification, or commendations of Angling, which I alſo long to hear from you.

Piſc. Sir, I ſhall proceed; and my next diſcourſe ſhall be rather a Commendation, then a Juſtification of Angling: for, in my judgment, if it deſerves to be commended, it is more then juſtified; for ſome practices that may be juſtified, deſerve no commendation: yet there are none

none that deſerve commendation but may be juſtified.

And now having ſaid this much by way of preparation, I am next to tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath riſen, (and it is not yet reſolved) Whether *Contemplation* or *Action* be the chiefeſt thing wherein the happineſs of a man doth moſt conſiſt in this world?

Concerning which, ſome have maintained their opinion of the firſt, by ſaying, "[That the nearer we "Mortals come to God by way of "imitation, the more happy we "are:] And that God injoyes himſelf only by *Contemplation* of his own *Goodneſs*, *Eternity*, *Infiniteneſs*, and *Power*, and the like; and upon this ground many of them prefer *Contemplation* before *Action*: and indeed, many of the Fathers ſeem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their Comments upon the words of our Saviour to **Martha*. * Luk. 10. 41,42.

And

And contrary to these, others of equal Authority and credit, have preferred *Action* to be chief; as experiments in *Physick*, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of mans life, by which man is enabled to act, and to do good to others: And they say also, That *Action* is not only Doctrinal, but a maintainer of humane Society; and for these, and other reasons, to be preferr'd before *Contemplation.*

Concerning which two opinions, I shall forbear to add a third, by declaring my own, and rest my self contented in telling you (my worthy friend) that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenious, harmless Art of Angling.

And first I shall tel you what some have observed, and I have found in my self, That the very sitting by the Rivers side, is not only the fittest place

place for, but will invite the Angler to Contemplation: That it is the fittest place, seems to be witnessed by the children of *Israel**, who having banish'd all mirth and Musick from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute Instruments upon the Willow trees, growing by the Rivers of *Babylon*, sate down upon those banks bemoaning the *ruines* of *Sion*, and contemplating their own sad condition, Psal. 137.

And an ingenuous *Spaniard* sayes, "[That both Rivers, and the inha-"bitants of the watery Element, "were created for wise men to con-"template, and fools to pass by "without consideration. And though I am too wise to rank my self in the first number, yet give me leave to free my self from the last, by offering to thee a short contemplation, first of Rivers, and then of Fish: concerning which, I doubt not but to relate to you many

things very considerable.

Concerning Rivers, there be divers wonders reported of them by Authors, of such credit, that we need not deny them an Historical faith.

As of a River in *Epirus*, that puts out any lighted Torch, and kindles any Torch that was not lighted. Of the River *Selarus*, that in a few hours turns a rod or a wand into stone (and our *Camden* mentions the like wonder in *England*:) that there is a River in *Arabia*, of which all the Sheep that drink thereof have their Wool turned into a Vermilion colour. And one of no less credit then *Aristotle*, tels us of a merry River, the River *Elusina*, that dances at the noise of Musick, that with Musick it bubbles, dances, and growes sandy, but returns to a wonted calmness and clearness when the Musick ceases. And lastly, (for I would not tire your patience) *Josephus*

In his *Wonders of nature.*

This is confirmed by *Ennius* and *Solon* in his holy History.

phus, that learned *Jew*, tells us of a River in *Judea*, that runs and moves ſwiftly all the ſix dayes of the week, and ſtands ſtill and reſts upon their *Sabbath* day. But Sir, leſt this diſcourſe may ſeem tedious, I ſhall give it a ſweet concluſion out of that holy Poet Mr. *George Herbert* his Divine Contemplation on Gods providence.

Lord, who hath praiſe enough, nay, who hath any?
None can expreſs thy works, but he that knows them:
And none can know thy works, they are ſo many,
And ſo complete, but only he that owes them.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact. tranſcendent, and divine;
Who does ſo ſtrangely, and ſo ſweetly move,
Whilſt all things have their end, yet none but thine.

Wherefore, moſt Sacred Spirit, I here preſent
For me, and all my fellows praiſe to thee:
And juſt it is that I ſhould pay the rent,
Becauſe the benefit accrues to me.

And as concerning Fiſh, in that Pſal. 104.

Pſal. 104. Pſalm, wherein, for height of Poetry and Wonders, the Prophet *David* ſeems even to exceed himſelf; how doth he there expreſs himſelfe in choice Metaphors, even to the amazement of a contemplative Reader, concerning the Sea, the Rivers, and the Fiſh therein contained. And the great Naturalliſt *Pliny* ſayes, "[That Natures great and wonder-"ful power is more demonſtrated in "the Sea, then on the Land.] And this may appear by the numerous and various Creatures, inhabiting both in and about that Element: as to the Readers of *Geſner*, *Randelitius*, *Pliny*, *Ariſtotle*, and others is demonſtrated: But I will ſweeten this diſcourſe alſo out of a contemplation in Divine *Dubartas*, who ſayes,

Dubartas in the fifth day.

God quickened in the Sea and in the Rivers,
So many fiſhes of ſo many features,
That in the waters we may ſee all Creatures;

Even

Even all that on the earth is to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters drownd.
For seas (as well as Skies) have Sun, Moon, Stars;
(As wel as air) Swallows, Rooks, and Stares;
(As wel as earth) Vines, Roses, Nettles, Melons,
Mushrooms, Pinks, Gilliflowers and many milions
Of other plants, more rare, more strange then (these;
As very fishes living in the seas;
And also Rams, Calves, Horses, Hares and Hogs,
Wolves, Urchins, Lions, Elephants and Dogs;
Yea, Men and Maids, and which I most admire,
The Mitred Bishop, and the cowled Fryer.
Of which examples but a few years since,
Were shewn the Norway *and* Polonian *Prince.*

These seem to be wonders, but have had so many confirmations from men of Learning and credit, that you need not doubt them; nor are the number, nor the various shapes of fishes, more strange or more fit for *contemplation*, then their different natures, inclinations and actions: concerning which I shall beg your patient ear a little longer.

The *Cuttle-fish* wil caſt a long gut out of her throat, which (like as an Angler does his line) ſhe ſendeth forth and pulleth in again at her pleaſure, according as ſhe ſees ſome little fiſh come neer to her; and the *Cuttle-fiſh* (being then hid in the gravel) lets the ſmaller fiſh nibble and bite the end of it; at which time ſhee by little and little draws the ſmaller fiſh ſo neer to her, that ſhe may leap upon her, and then catches and devours her: and for this reaſon ſome have called this fiſh the *Sea-Angler*.

Mount Eſſayes: and others affirm this.

There are alſo luſtful and chaſte fiſhes, of which I ſhall alſo give you examples.

And firſt, what *Dubartas* ſayes of a fiſh called the *Sargus*; which (becauſe none can expreſs it better then he does) I ſhall give you in his own words, ſuppoſing it ſhall not have the leſs credit for being Verſe, for he hath gathered this, and other obſerva-

obſervations out of Authors that have been great and induſtrious ſearchers into the ſecrets of nature.

The Adulterous Sargus *doth not only change,*
Wives everyday in the deep ſtreams, but (ſtrange!)
As if the honey of Sea-love delight
Could not ſuffice his ranging appetite,
Goes courting She-Goats *on the graſsie ſhore,*
Horning their husbands that had horns before.

And the ſame Author writes concerning the *Cantharus*, that which you ſhall alſo heare in his own words.

But contrary, the conſtant Cantharus,
Is ever conſtant to his faithful Spouſe.
In nuptial duties ſpending his chaſte life,
Never loves any but his own dear wife.

Sir, but a little longer, and I have done.

Viat. Sir, take what liberty you think fit, for your diſcourſe ſeems

to be Muſick, and charms me into an attention.

Piſc. Why then Sir, I will take a little libertie to tell, or rather to remember you what is ſaid of *Turtle Doves:* Firſt, that they ſilently plight their troth and marry; and that then, the Survivor ſcorns (as the *Thracian* women are ſaid to do) to out-live his or her Mate; and this is taken for ſuch a truth, that if the Survivor ſhall ever couple with another, the he or ſhe, not only the living, but the dead, is denyed the *name* and *honour* of a true *Turtle Dove.*

And to parallel this Land Variety & teach mankind moral faithfulneſs & to condemn thoſe that talk of Religion, and yet come ſhort of the moral faith of fiſh and fowl; Men that violate the Law, affirm'd by Saint *Paul* to be writ in their hearts, and which he ſayes ſhal at the laſt day condemn and leave them without excuſe. I

Rom. 2.14 15.

pray

pray hearken to what *Dubartas* sings (for the hearing of such conjugal faithfulness, will be Musick to all chaste ears) and therefore, I say, hearken to what *Dubartas* sings of the *Mullet:* *Dubartas* 5. day.

But for chaste love the Mullet *hath no peer,*
For, if the Fisher hath surprised her pheer,
As mad with wo, to shoare she followeth,
Prest to consort him both in life and death.

On the contrary, what shall I say of the *House-Cock*, which treads any Hen, and then (contrary to the *Swan*, the *Partridg*, and *Pigeon*) takes no care to hatch, to feed, or to cherish his own Brood, but is sensless though they perish.

And 'tis considerable, that the *Hen* (which because she also takes any *Cock*, expects it not) who is sure the Chickens be her own, hath by a moral impression her care, and affection to her own Broode, more then

then doubled, even to ſuch a height, that our Saviour in expreſſing his love to *Jeruſalem*, quotes her for an example of tender affection, as his Father had done *Job* for a pattern of patience.

Mat. 23 37

And to parallel this *Cock*, there be divers fiſhes that caſt their ſpawne on flags or ſtones, and then leave it uncovered and expoſed to become a prey, and be devoured by Vermine or other fiſhes: but other fiſhes (as namely the *Barbel*) take ſuch care for the preſervation of their ſeed, that (unlike to the *Cock* or the *Cuckoe*) they mutually labour (both the Spawner, and the Melter) to cover their ſpawne with ſand, or watch it, or hide it in ſome ſecret place unfrequented by Vermine, or by any fiſh but themſelves.

Sir, theſe examples may, to you and others, ſeem ſtrange; but they are teſtified, ſome by *Ariſtotle*, ſome by *Pliny*, ſome by *Geſner*, and by divers

divers others of credit, and are believed and known by divers, both of wiſdom and experience, to be a truth; and are (as I ſaid at the beginning) fit for the contemplation of a moſt ſerious, and a moſt pious man.

And that they be fit for the contemplation of the moſt prudent and pious, and peaceable men, ſeems to be teſtified by the practice of ſo many devout and contemplative men; as the Patriarks or Prophets of old, and of the Apoſtles of our Saviour in theſe later times, of which twelve he choſe four that were Fiſhermen: concerning which choice ſome have made theſe Obſervations.

Firſt, That he never reproved theſe for their Imployment or Calling, as he did the Scribes and the Mony-Changers. And ſecondly, That he found the hearts of ſuch men, men that by nature were fitted for

for contemplation and quietneſs; men of mild, and ſweet, and peaceable ſpirits, (as indeed moſt Anglers are) theſe men our bleſſed Saviour (who is obſerved to love to plant grace in good natures) though nothing be too hard for him, yet theſe men he choſe to call from their irreprovable imployment, and gave them grace to be his Diſciples and to follow him.

And it is obſervable, that it was our Saviours will that his four Fiſhermen Apoſtles ſhould have a prioritie of nomination in the catalogue of his twelve Apoſtles, as namely firſt, S. *Peter*, *Andrew*, *James* and *John*, and then the reſt in their order.

Mat. 10.

And it is yet more obſervable, that when our bleſſed Saviour went up into the Mount, at his Transfiguration, when he left the reſt of his Diſciples and choſe onely three to bear him company, that theſe three

were

were all Fiſher-men.

And ſince I have your promiſe to hear me with patience, I will take a liberty to look back upon an obſervation that hath been made by an ingenuous and learned man, who obſerves that God hath been pleaſed to allow thoſe whom he himſelfe hath appointed, to write his holy will in holy Writ, yet to expreſs his will in ſuch Metaphors as their former affections or practiſe had inclined them to; and he brings *Solomon* for an example, who before his converſion was remarkably amorous, and after by Gods appointment, writ that Love-Song betwixt God and his Church. The Canticles.

And if this hold in reaſon (as I ſee none to the contrary) then it may be probably concluded, that *Moſes* (whom I told you before, writ the book of *Job*) and the Prophet *Amos* were both Anglers, for you ſhal in all the old Teſtament find fiſh-hooks

but

but twice mentioned; namely, by meek *Moses*, the friend of God; and by the humble Prophet *Amos*.

Concerning which last, namely, the Prophet *Amos*, I shall make but this Observation, That he that shall read the humble, lowly, plain stile of that Prophet, and compare it with the high, glorious, eloquent stile of the prophet *Isaiah* (though they be both equally true) may easily believe him to be a good natured, plaine Fisher-man.

Which I do the rather believe, by comparing the affectionate, lowly, humble epistles of S. *Peter*, S. *James* and S. *John*, whom we know were Fishers, with the glorious language and high Metaphors of S. *Paul*, who we know was not.

Let me give you the example or two men more, that have lived nearer to our own times: first of *Doctor Nowel* sometimes Dean of S. *Paul*'s, in

(in which Church his Monument ſtands yet undefaced) a man that in the Reformation of Queen *Elizabeth* (not that of *Henry the VIII.*) was ſo noted for his meek ſpirit, deep Learning, Prudence and Piety, that the then Parliament and Convocation, both choſe, injoyned, and truſted him to be the man to make a Catechiſm for publick uſe, ſuch a one as ſhould ſtand as a rule for faith and manners to their poſteritie: And the good man (though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by hard queſtions) made that good, plain, unperplext Catechiſm, that is printed with the old Service Book. I ſay, this good man was as dear a lover, and conſtant practicer of Angling, as any Age can produce; and his cuſtome was to ſpend (beſides his fixt hours of prayer (thoſe hours which by command of the Church were enjoined the old Clergy, and voluntarily

rily dedicated to devotion by many Primitive Chriſtians:) beſides thoſe hours, this good man was obſerved to ſpend, or if you will, to beſtow a tenth part of his time in Angling; and alſo (for I have converſed with thoſe which have converſed with him) to beſtow a tenth part of his Revenue, and all his fiſh, amongſt the poor that inhabited near to thoſe Rivers in which it was caught, ſaying often, *That Charity gave life to Religion*: and at his return would praiſe God he had ſpent that day free from worldly trouble, both harmleſly and in a Recreation that became a Church-man.

My next and laſt example ſhall be that undervaluer of money, the late Provoſt of *Eaton Colledg*, Sir *Henry Wotton*, (a man with whom I have often fiſh'd and converſ'd) a man whoſe forraign imployments in the ſervice of this Nation, and whoſe experience, learning, wit and cheer

cheerfulneſs, made his company to be eſteemed one of the delights of mankind; this man, whoſe very approbation of Angling were ſufficient to convince any modeſt Cenſurer of it, this man was alſo a moſt dear lover, and a frequent practicer of the Art of Angling, of which he would ſay, "['Twas an imploy-"ment for his idle time, which was "not idly ſpent;] for Angling was after tedious ſtudy "[A reſt to his "mind, a cheerer of his ſpirits, a di-"vertion of ſadneſs, a calmer of un-"quiet thoughts, a Moderator of paſ-"ſions, a procurer of contentedneſs, "and that it begot habits of peace "and patience in thoſe that profeſt "and practic'd it.

Sir, This was the ſaying of that Learned man; and I do eaſily believe that peace, and patience, and a calm content did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir *Henry Wotton*, becauſe I know, that when he was

beyond ſeventy years of age he made this deſcription of a part of the preſent pleaſure that poſſeſt him, as he ſate quietly in a Summers evening on a bank a fiſhing;it is a deſcription of the Spring, which becauſe it glides as ſoft and ſweetly from his pen,as that River does now by which it was then made, I ſhall repeat unto you.

This day dame Nature ſeem'd in love:
The luſtie ſap began to move;
Freſh juice did ſtir th' imbracing Vines,
And birds had drawn their Valentines.
The jealous Trout, *that low did lye,*
Roſe at a well diſſembled flie;
There ſtood my friend with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quil.
Already were the eaves poſſeſt
With the ſwift Pilgrims dawbed neſt:
The Groves already did rejoice,
In Philomels *triumphing voice:*
The ſhowrs were ſhort, the weather mild,
The morning freſh, the evening ſmil'd.

Jone

Jone *takes her neat rubb'd pail, and now*
She trips to milk the sand-red Cow ;
Where, for some sturdy foot-ball Swain,
Jone *strokes a* Sillibub *or twaine.*
The fields and gardens were beset
With Tulips, Crocus, Violet,
And now, though late, the modest Rose
Did more then half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks gay and full of chear
To welcome the new liveried year.

These were the thoughts that then possest the undisturbed mind of Sir *Henry Wotton.* Will you hear the wish of another Angler, and the commendation of his happy life, which he also sings in Verse. Jo. Da.

Let me live harmlesly, and near the brink
Of Trent *or* Avon *have a dwelling place,*
Where I may see my quil *or* cork *down sink,*
With eager bit of Pearch, *or* Bleak, *or* Dace;
And on the world and my Creator think, (*brace;*
Whilst some men strive, ill gotten goods t' im-

And others ſpend their time in baſe exceſs
Of wine or worſe, in war *and* wantonneſs.

Let them that liſt theſe paſtimes ſtill purſue,
And on ſuch pleaſing fancies feed their fill,
So I the fields *and* meadows *green may view,*
And daily by freſh Rivers *walk at will,*
Among the Daiſies *and the* Violets *blue,*
Red Hyacinth, *and yellow* Daffadil,
Purple Narciſſus, *like the morning rayes,*
Pale ganderglaſs *and azure* Culverkayes.

I count it higher pleaſure to behold
The ſtately compaſs of the lofty Skie,
And in the midſt thereof (like burning Gola)
The flaming Chariot of the worlds great eye,
The watry clouds, that in the aire up rold,
With ſundry kinds of painted colours flye;
And fair Aurora *lifting up her head,*
Still bluſhing, riſe from old Tithonius *bed.*

The hils *and* mountains *raiſed from the* plains,
The plains *extended level with the* ground,
The grounds *divided into ſundry* vains,
The vains *incloſ'd with* rivers *running round;*

Theſe

These rivers *making way through natures chains*
With headlong course into the sea profound;
The raging sea, *beneath the vallies low,*
Where lakes, *and* rils, *and* rivulets *do flow.*

The loftie woods, the Forrests wide and long
Adorn'd with leaves & branches fresh & green,
In whose cool bowres the birds with many a song
Do welcom with their Quire the Sūmers Queen:
The Meadows fair, where Flora's *gifts among*
Are intermixt, with verdant grass between.
The silver-scaled fish *that softly swim,*
Within the sweet brooks crystal watry stream.

All these, and many more of his Creation,
That made the Heavens, the Angler *oft doth see,*
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they be;
Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his heart from other fancies free;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the Starry Skie.

Sir, I am glad my memory did not lose these last Verses, because

they are ſomewhat more pleaſant and more ſutable to *May Day*, then my harſh Diſcourſe, and I am glad your patience hath held out ſo long, as to hear them and me; for both together have brought us within the ſight of the *Thatcht Houſe*; and I muſt be your Debtor (if you think it worth your attention) for the reſt of my promiſed diſcourſe, till ſome other opportunity and a like time of leiſure.

Viat. Sir, You have Angled me on with much pleaſure to the *thatcht Houſe*, and I now find your words true, *That good company makes the way ſeem ſhort*; for, truſt me, Sir, I thought we had wanted three miles of the *thatcht Houſe*, till you ſhewed it me: but now we are at it, we'l turn into it, and refreſh our ſelves with a cup of Ale and a little reſt.

Piſc. Moſt gladly (Sir) and we'l drink a civil cup to all the *Otter Hunters*

ters that are to meet you to morrow.

Viat. That we wil, Sir, and to all the lovers of Angling too, of which number, I am now one my ſelf, for by the help of your good diſcourſe and company, I have put on new thoughts both of the Art of Angling, and of all that profeſs it: and if you will but meet me too morrow at the time and place appointed, and beſtow one day with me and my friends in hunting the *Otter*, I will the next two dayes wait upon you, and we two will for that time do nothing but angle, and talk of fiſh and fiſhing.

Piſc. 'Tis a match, Sir, I'l not fail you, God willing, to be at *Amwel Hil* o morrow morning before Sunriſing.

CHAP. II.

Viat. MY friend *Piſcator*, you have kept time with my thoughts, for the Sun is juſt riſing, and I my ſelf juſt now come to this place, and the dogs have juſt now put down an *Otter*, look down at the bottom of the hil, there in that Meadow, chequered with water Lillies and Ladyſmocks, there you may ſee what work they make: look, you ſee all buſie, men and dogs, dogs and men, all buſie.

Piſc. Sir, I am right glad to meet you, and glad to have ſo fair an entrance into this dayes ſport, and glad to ſee ſo many dogs, and more men all in purſuit of the *Otter*; lets complement no longer, but joine unto them; come honeſt *Viator*, lets be

be gone, lets make haſte, I long to be doing; no reaſonable hedge or ditch ſhall hold me.

Viat. Gentleman Huntſman, where found you this *Otter*?

Hunt. Marry (Sir) we found her a mile off this place a fiſhing; ſhe has this morning eaten the greateſt part of this *Trout*, ſhe has only left thus much of it as you ſee, and was fiſhing for more; when we came we found her juſt at it: but we were here very early, we were here an hour before Sun-riſe, and have given her no reſt ſince we came: ſure ſhe'l hardly eſcape all theſe dogs and men. I am to have the skin if we kill him.

Viat. Why, Sir, whats the skin worth?

Hunt. 'Tis worth ten ſhillings to make gloves; the gloves of an *Otter* are the beſt fortification for your hands againſt wet weather that can be thought of.

Piſc. I

Pisc. I pray, honeſt Huntſman, let me ask you a pleaſant queſtion, Do you hunt a Beaſt or a fiſh?

H. Sir, It is not in my power to reſolve you; for the queſtion has been debated among many great Clerks, and they ſeem to differ about it; but moſt agree, that his tail is fiſh: and if his body be fiſh too, then I may ſay, that a fiſh will walk upon land (for an *Otter* does ſo) ſometimes five or ſix, or ten miles in a night. But (Sir) I can tell you certainly, that he devours much fiſh, and kils and ſpoils much more: And I can tell you, that he can ſmel a fiſh in the water one hundred yards from him (*Geſner* ſayes, much farther) and that his ſtones are good againſt the Falling-ſickneſs: and that there is an herb *Benione*, which being hung in a linen cloth near a Fiſh Pond, or any haunt that he uſes, makes him to avoid the place, which proves he can ſmell both by water and land.

And

And thus much for my knowledg of the *Otter*, which you may now ſee above water at vent, and the dogs cloſe with him; I now ſee he will not laſt long, follow therefore my Maſters, follow, for *Sweetlips* was like to have him at this vent.

via. Oh me, all the Horſe are got over the river, what ſhall we do now?

Hun. Marry, ſtay a little & follow, both they and the dogs will be ſuddenly on this ſide again, I warrant you, and the *Otter* too it may be: now have at him with *Kil buck*, for he vents again.

via. Marry ſo he is, for look he vents in that corner. Now, now *Ringwood* has him. Come bring him to me. Look, 'tis a Bitch *Otter* upon my word, and ſhe has lately whelped, lets go to the place where ſhe was *put down*, and not far from it, you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you: and kill them all too.

Hunt

Hunt. Come Gentlemen, come all, lets go to the place where we *put downe* the *Otter*; look you, hereabout it was that ſhee kennell'd; look you, here it was indeed, for here's her young ones, no leſs then five: come lets kill them all.

Piſc. No, I pray Sir; ſave me one, and I'll try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenuous Gentleman in *Leiceſter-ſhire* has done; who hath not only made her tame, but to catch fiſh, and doe many things of much pleaſure.

Hunt. Take one with all my heart; but let us kill the reſt. And now lets go to an honeſt Alehouſe and ſing *Old Roſe*, and rejoice all of us together.

Viat. Come my friend, let me invite you along with us; I'll bear your charges this night, and you ſhall beare mine to morrow; for

for my intention is to accompany you a day or two in fiſhing.

Piſc. Sir, your requeſt is granted, and I ſhall be right glad, both to exchange ſuch a courteſie, and alſo to enjoy your company.

Viat. Well, now lets go to your ſport of Angling.

Piſc. Lets be going with all my heart, God keep you all, Gentlemen, and ſend you meet this day with another bitch *Otter*, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones too.

Viat. Now *Piſcator*, where wil you begin to fiſh?

Piſc. We are not yet come to a likely place, I muſt walk a mile further yet before I begin.

Viat. Well then, I pray, as we walk, tell me freely how you like my Hoſte, and the company? is not mine Hoſte a witty man?

Piſc. Sir,

Piſc. Sir, To ſpeak truly, he is not to me; for moſt of his conceits were either Scripture-jeſts, or laſcivious jeſts; for which I count no man witty: for the Divel will help a man that way inclin'd, to the firſt, and his own corrupt nature (which he alwayes carries with him) to the latter. But a companion that feaſts the company with *wit* and *mirth*, and leaves out the *ſin* (which is uſually mixt with them) he is the man: and indeed, ſuch a man ſhould have his charges born: and to ſuch company I hope to bring you this night; for at *Trout-Hal*, not far from this place, where I purpoſe to lodg to night, there is uſually an Angler that proves good company.

But for ſuch diſcourſe as we heard laſt night, it infects others; the very boyes will learn to talk and ſwear as they heard mine Hoſt, and another of the company that ſhall be nameleſs; well, you know

know what example is able to do, and I know what the Poet ſayes in the like caſe:

———*Many a one*
Owes to his Country his Religion:
And in another would as ſtrongly grow,
Had but his Nurſe or Mother taught him ſo.

This is reaſon put into Verſe, and worthy the conſideration of a wiſe man. But of this no more, for though I love civility, yet I hate ſevere cenſures: I'll to my own Art, and I doubt not but at yonder tree I ſhall catch a *Chub*, and then we'll turn to an honeſt cleanly Ale houſe that I know right well, reſt our ſelves, and dreſs it for our dinner.

via. Oh, Sir, a *Chub* is the worſt fiſh that ſwims, I hoped for a *Trout* for my dinner.

Piſ. Truſt me, Sir, there is not a likely place for a *Trout* hereabout, and we ſtaid ſo long to take our leave of

your

your Huntſmen this morning, that the Sun is got ſo high, and ſhines ſo clear, that I will not undertake the catching of a *Trout* till evening; and though a *Chub* be by you and many others reckoned the worſt of all fiſh, yet you ſhall ſee I'll make it good fiſh by dreſſing it.

Viat. Why, how will you dreſs him?

Piſc. I'l tell you when I have caught him: look you here, Sir, do you ſee? (but you muſt ſtand very cloſe) there lye upon the top of the water twenty *Chubs:* I'll catch only one, and that ſhall be the biggeſt of them all: and that I will do ſo, I'll hold you twenty to one.

viat. I marry, Sir, now you talk like an Artiſt, and I'll ſay, you are one, when I ſhall ſee you perform what you ſay you can do; but I yet doubt it.

Piſc. And that you ſhall ſee me do preſently; look, the biggeſt of theſe

Chubs

Chubs has had ſome bruiſe upon his tail,and that looks like a white ſpot; that very *Chub* I mean to catch; ſit you but down in the ſhade, and ſtay but a little while,and I'l warrant you I'l bring him to you.

viat. I'l ſit down and hope well, becauſe you ſeem to be ſo confident.

Piſc. Look you Sir, there he is, that very *Chub* that I ſhewed you, with the white ſpot on his tail; and I'l be as certain to make him a good diſh of meat, as I was to catch him. I'l now lead you to an honeſt Alehouſe, where we ſhall find a cleanly room, Lavender in the windowes, and twenty Ballads ſtuck about the wall; there my Hoſtis (which I may tel you, is both cleanly and conveniently handſome(has dreſt many a one for me, and ſhall now dreſs it after my faſhion, and I warrant it good meat.

viat. Come Sir, with all my heart,

for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and indeed to reſt my ſelf too; for though I have walked but four miles this morning, yet I begin to be weary; yeſterdayes hunting hangs ſtil upon me.

Piſc. Wel Sir, and you ſhal quickly be at reſt, for yonder is the houſe I mean to bring you to.

Come Hoſtis, how do you? wil you firſt give us a cup of your beſt Ale, and then dreſs this *Chub*, as you dreſt my laſt, when I and my friend were here about eight or ten daies ago? but you muſt do me one courteſie, it muſt be done inſtantly.

Hoſt. I wil do it, Mr. *Piſcator*, and with all the ſpeed I can.

Piſc. Now Sir, has not my Hoſtis made haſte? and does not the fiſh look lovely?

viat. Both, upon my word Sir, and therefore lets ſay Grace and fall to eating of it.

Piſc. Wel

Pisc. Well Sir, how do you like it?

viat. Truſt me,'tis as good meat as ever I taſted: now let me thank you for it, drink to you, and beg a courteſie of you; but it muſt not be deny'd me.

Pisc. What is it, I pray Sir? you are ſo modeſt, that me thinks I may promiſe to grant it before it is asked.

viat. Why Sir, it is that from henceforth you wil allow me to call you Maſter, and that really I may be your Scholer, for you are ſuch a companion, and have ſo quickly caught, and ſo excellently cook'd this fiſh, as makes me ambitious to be your ſcholer.

Pisc. Give me your hand: from this time forward I wil be your Maſter, and teach you as much of this Art as I am able; and will, as you deſire me, tel you ſomewhat of the nature of ſome of the fiſh which we

are to Angle for; and I am ſure I ſhal tel you more then every Angler yet knows.

And firſt I will tel you how you ſhall catch ſuch a *Chub* as this was;& then how to cook him as this was: I could not have begun to teach you to catch any fiſh more eaſily then this fiſh is caught; but then it muſt be this particular way, and this you muſt do:

Go to the ſame hole, where in moſt hot days you will finde floting neer the top of the water, at leaſt a dozen or twenty *Chubs*; get a *Graſhopper* or two as you goe, and get ſecretly behinde the tree, put it then upon your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard ſhort of the top of the water,and 'tis very likely that the ſhadow of your rod, which you muſt reſt on the tree, will cauſe the *Chubs* to ſink down to the bottom with fear; for they be a very fearful fiſh, and the ſhadow of a bird flying

flying over them will make them do ſo; but they will preſently riſe up to the top again, and there lie ſoaring till ſome ſhadow affrights them again: when they lie upon the top of the water, look out the beſt *Chub*, which you ſetting your ſelf in a fit place, may very eaſily doe, and move your Rod as ſoftly as a Snail moves, to that *Chub* you intend to catch; let your bait fall gently upon the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait, and you will be as ſure to catch him; for hee is one of the leather-mouth'd fiſhes, of which a hook does ſcarce ever loſe his hold: and therefore give him play enough before you offer to take him out of the water. Go your way preſently, take my rod, and doe as I bid you, and I will ſit down and mend my tackling till you return back.

viat. Truly, my loving Maſter, you have offered mee as fair as I

could wiſh: Ile goe and obſerve your directions.

Look you, Maſter, what I have done; that which joyes my heart; caught juſt ſuch another *Chub* as yours was.

Piſc. Marry, and I am glad of it: I am like to have a towardly Scholer of you. I now ſee, that with advice and practice you wil make an *Angler* in a ſhort time.

Viat. But Maſter, What if I could not have found a *Graſhopper*?

Piſ. Then I may tel you, that a *black Snail*, with his belly ſlit, to ſhew his white; or a piece of ſoft *cheeſe* wil uſually do as wel; nay, ſometimes a *worm*, or any kind of *fly*; as the *Ant-fly*, the *Fleſh-fly*, or *Wall-fly*, or the *Dor* or *Beetle*, (which you may find under a Cow-turd) or a *Bob*, which you wil find in the ſame place, and in time wil be a *Beetle*; it is a ſhort white worm, like to, and bigger then a Gentle; or a *Cod-worm*,

or

or *Case-worm*: any of these wil do very wel to fish in such a manner. And after this manner you may catch a *Trout*: in a hot evening, when as you walk by a Brook, and shal see or hear him leap at Flies, then if you get a *Grashopper*, put it on your hook, with your line about two yards long, standing behind a bush or tree where his hole is, and make your bait stir up and down on the top of the water; you may, if you stand close, be sure of a bit, but not sure to catch him, for he is not a leather mouthed fish: and after this manner you may fish for him with almost any kind of live Flie, but especially with a *Grashopper*.

Viat. But before you go further, I pray good Master, what mean you by a leather mouthed fish.

Pisc. By a leather mouthed fish, I mean such as have their teeth in their throat, as the *Chub* or *Cheven*, and so the *Barbel*, the *Gudgion* and

Carp, and divers others have; and the hook being ſtuck into the leather or skin of ſuch fiſh, does very ſeldome or never loſe its hold; But on the contrary, a *Pike*, a *Pearch*, or *Trout*, and ſo ſome other fiſh, which have not their teeth in their throats, but in their mouthes, which you ſhal obſerve to be very full of bones, and the skin very thin, and little of it: I ſay, of theſe fiſh the hook never takes ſo ſure hold, but you often loſe the fiſh unleſs he have gorg'd it.

Viat. I thank you good Maſter for this obſervation; but now what ſhal be done with my *Chub* or *Cheven* that I have caught.

Piſc. Marry Sir, it ſhall be given away to ſome poor body, for Ile warrant you Ile give you a *Trout* for your ſupper; and it is a good beginning of your Art to offer your firſt fruits to the poor, who will both thank God and you for it.

And

And now lets walk towards the water again, and as I go Ile tel you when you catch your nex*t Chub*, how to dreſſe it as this was.

viat. Come (good Maſter) I long to be going and learn your direction.

Piſc. You muſt dreſs it, or ſee it dreſt thus: When you have ſcaled him, waſh him very cleane, cut off his tail and fins; and waſh him not after you gut him, but chine or cut him through the middle as a ſalt fiſh is cut, then give him four or five ſcotches with your knife, broil him upon wood-cole or char-cole; but as he is broiling; baſte him often with butter that ſhal be choicely good; and put good ſtore of ſalt into your butter, or ſalt him gently as you broil or baſte him; and bruiſe or cut very ſmal into your butter, a little Time, or ſome other ſweet herb that is in the Garden where you eat him: thus uſed, it takes a-

way

way the watrish taste which the *Chub* or *Chevin* has, and makes him a choice dish of meat, as you your self know; for thus was that dress'd, which you did eat of to your dinner.

Or you may (for variety) dress a *Chub* another way, and you wil find him very good, and his tongue and head almost as good as a Carps; but then you must be sure that no grasse or weeds be left in his mouth or throat.

Thus you must dress him: Slit him through the middle, then cut him into four pieces; then put him into a pewter dish, and cover him with another, put into him as much White Wine as wil cover him, or Spring water and Vinegar, and store of Salt, with some branches of Time, and other sweet herbs; let him then be boiled gently over a Chafing-dish with wood coles, and when he is almost boiled enough, put half

half of the liquor from him, not the top of it; put then into him a convenient quantity of the beſt butter you can get, with a little Nutmeg grated into it, and ſippets of white bread: thus ordered, you wil find the *Chevin* and the ſauce too, a choice diſh of meat: And I have been the more careful to give you a perfect direction how to dreſs him, becauſe he is a fiſh undervalued by many, and I would gladly reſtore him to ſome of his credit which he has loſt by ill Cookery.

Viat. But Maſter, have you no other way to catch a *Cheven*, or *Chub?*

Piſc. Yes that I have, but I muſt take time to tel it you hereafter; or indeed, you muſt learn it by obſervation and practice, though this way that I have taught you was the eaſieſt to catch a *Chub*, at this time, and at this place. And now weare come again to the River; I wil (as the

the Souldier ſayes) prepare for skirmiſh; that is, draw out my Tackling, and try to catch a *Trout* for ſupper.

Viat. Truſt me Maſter, I ſee now it is a harder matter to catch a *Trout* then a *Chub*; for I have put on patience, and followed you this two hours, and not ſeen a fiſh ſtir, neither at your Minnow nor your worm.

Piſc. Wel Scholer, you muſt indure worſe luck ſometime, or you will never make a good Angler. But what ſay you now? there is a *Trout* now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him: Now you ſee he lies ſtill, and the ſleight is to land him: Reach me that Landing net: So (Sir) now he is mine own, what ſay you? is not this worth all my labour?

Viat. On my word Maſter, this is a gallant *Trout*; what ſhall

we

we do with him?

Pisc. Marry ee'n eat him to ſupper: We'l go to my Hoſtis, from whence we came; ſhe told me, as I was going out of door, that my brothet *Peter*, a good Angler, and a cheerful companion, had ſent word he would lodg there to night, and bring a friend with him. My Hoſtis has two beds, and I know you and I may have the beſt: we'l rejoice with my brother *Peter* and his friend, tel tales, or ſing Ballads, or make a Catch, or find ſome harmleſs ſport to content us.

Viat. A match, good Maſter, lets go to that houſe, for the linnen looks white, and ſmels of Lavender, and I long to lye in a pair of ſheets that ſmels ſo: lets be going, good Maſter, for I am hungry again with fiſhing.

Pisc. Nay, ſtay a little good Scholer, I caught my laſt *Trout* with a worm, now I wil put on a Minow and

and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and ſo walk towards our lodging. Look you Scholer, thereabout we ſhall have a bit preſently, or not at all: Have with you (Sir!) on my word I have him. Oh it is a great logger-headed *Chub*: Come, hang him upon that Willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good Scholer, towards yonder high hedg: We'l ſit whilſt this ſhowr falls ſo gently upon the teeming earth, and gives a ſweeter ſmel to the lovely flowers that adorn the verdant Meadows.

Look, under that broad *Beech tree* I ſate down when I was laſt this way a fiſhing, and the birds in the adjoining Grove ſeemed to have a friendly contention with an Echo, whoſe dead voice ſeemed to live in a hollow cave near to the brow of that Primrose hil; there I ſate viewing the Silver ſtreams glide ſilently towards

their

their center, the tempeſtuous Sea, yet ſometimes oppoſed by rugged roots, and pibble ſtones, which broke their waves, and turned them into ſome: and ſometimes viewing the harmleſs Lambs, ſome leaping ſecurely in the cool ſhade, whilſt others ſported themſelvs in the cheerful Sun; and others were craving comfort from the ſwolne Udders of their bleating Dams. As I thus ſate, theſe and other ſighs had ſo fully poſſeſt my ſoul, that I thought as the Poet has happily expreſt it:

I was for that time lifted above earth;
And poſſeſt joyes not promiſ'd in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a ſecond pleaſure entertained me, 'twas a handſome Milk-maid, that had caſt away all care, and ſung like a *Nightingale*; her voice was good, and the Ditty fitted for it; 'twas that ſmooth Song which

which was made by *Kit Marlow*, now at least fifty years ago; and the Milk maids mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir *Walter Raleigh* in his younger dayes.

They were old fashioned Poetry, but choicely good, I think much better then that now in fashion in this Critical age. Look yonder, on my word, yonder they be both a milking again: I wil give her the *Chub*, and perswade them to sing those two songs to us.

Pisc. God speed, good woman, I have been a fishing, and am going to *Bleak Hall* to my bed, and having caught more fish then wil sup my self and friend, wil bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sel none.

Milkw. Marry God requite you Sir, and we'l eat it cheerfully: wil you drink a draught of red Cows milk?

Pisc. No, I thank you: but I pray do

do us a courteſie that ſhal ſtand you and your daughter in nothing, and we wil think our ſelves ſtil ſomething in your debt; it is but to ſing us a Song, that that was ſung by you and your daughter, when I laſt paſt over this Meadow, about eight or nine dayes ſince.

Milk. what Song was it, I pray? was it, *Come Shepherds deck your heads:* or, *As at noon* Dulcina *reſted*: or *Phi-lida flouts me*?

Piſc. No, it is none of thoſe: it is a Song that your daughter ſung the firſt part, and you ſung the anſwer to it.

Milk. O I know it now, I learn'd the firſt part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my daughter; and the later part, which indeed fits me beſt, but two or three years ago; you ſhal, God willing, hear them both. Come *Maudlin*, ſing the firſt part to the Gentlemen with a merrie heart, and Ile ſing the ſecond.

The Milk maids Song.

Come live with me, and be my Love,
And we wil all the pleasures prove
That vallies, Groves, or hils, or fields,
Or woods and steeple mountains yeelds.

Where we will sit upon the Rocks,
And see the Shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow Rivers, *to whose falls*
Mellodious birds sing madrigals.

And I wil make thee beds of Roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a Kirtle,
Imbroidered all with leaves of Mirtle.

A Gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull,
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivie buds,
With Coral clasps, and Amber studs:

And

And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my Love.

The Shepherds Swains shal dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.

Via. Trust me Master, it is a choice Song, and sweetly sung by honest *Maudlin*: Ile bestow Sir *Thomas Overbury's* Milk maids wish upon her, *That she may dye in the Spring, and have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding sheet.*

The Milk maids mothers answer.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every Shepherds tongue?
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold:
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,

And Philomel *becometh dumb,*
The Reſt complains of cares to come.

The Flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yeilds
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancies ſpring, but ſorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy ſhoes, thy beds of Roſes,
Thy Cap, thy Kirtle, and thy Poſies,
Soon break, ſoon wither, ſoon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reaſon rotten.

Thy belt of ſtraw and Ivie buds,
Thy Coral claſps and Amber ſtuds,
All theſe in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy Love.

But could youth laſt, and love ſtil breea,
Had joyes no date, nor age no need;
Then thoſe delights my mind might
To live with thee, & be thy love. (*move*

Piſc. Wel ſung, good woman, I thank you, I'l give you another diſh of

of fish one of these dayes, and then beg another Song of you. Come Scholer, let *Maudlin* alone, do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look, yonder comes my Hostis to cal us to supper. How now? is my brother *Peter* come?

Host. Yes, and a friend with him, they are both glad to hear you are in these parts, and long to see you, and are hungry, and long to be at supper.

CHAP. III.

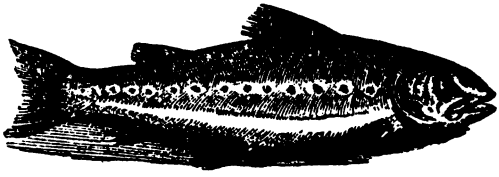
Piſcat. WELL met brother *Peter*, I heard you & a friend would lodg here to night, and that has made me and my friend caſt to lodge here too; my friend is one that would faine be a brother of the *Angle:* he has been an *Angler* but this day, and I have taught him how to catch a *Chub* with *daping* a *Graſhopper*, and he has caught a luſty one of nineteen inches long. But I pray you brother, who is it that is your companion?

Peter. Brother *Piſcator*, my friend is an honeſt Country man, and his name is *Coridon*, a moſt downright witty merry companion that met me here purpoſely to eat a *Trout* and be pleaſant, and I have not yet wet my line

line ſince I came from home: But I wil fit him to morrow with a *Trout* for his breakfaſt, if the weather be any thing like.

Piſc. Nay brother, you ſhall not delay him ſo long, for look you here is a *Trout* will fill ſix reaſonable bellies. Come Hoſtis, dreſs it preſently, and get us what other meat the houſe wil afford, and give us ſome good Ale, and lets be merrie.

The Deſcription of a Trout.



Peter. On my word, this *Trout* is in perfect ſeaſon. Come, I thank you, and here's a hearty draught to you, and to all the brothers of the Angle, wereſoever they be, and to my young brothers good fortune to morrow; I wil furniſh him with a rod, if you wil furniſh him with the reſt of the tackling, we wil ſet him up and make him a fiſher.

And I wil tel him one thing for his encouragement, that his fortune hath made him happy to be a Scholer to ſuch a Maſter; a Maſter that knowes as much both of the nature and breeding of fiſh, as any man; and can alſo tell him as well how to catch and cook them, from the *Minow* to the *Sammon*, as any that I ever met withall.

Piſc. Truſt me, brother *Peter*, I find my Scholer to be ſo ſutable to my own humour, which is to be free and pleaſant, and civilly merry, that my reſolution is to hide nothing

from

from him. Believe me, Scholer, this is my reſolution: and ſo here's to you a hearty draught, and to all that love us, and the honeſt Art of Angling.

Viat. Truſt me, good Maſter, you ſhall not ſow your ſeed in barren ground, for I hope to return you an increaſe anſwerable to your hopes; but however, you ſhal find me obedient, and thankful, and ſerviceable to my beſt abilitie.

Piſc. 'Tis enough, honeſt Scholer, come lets to ſupper. Come my friend *Coridon*, this *Trout* looks lovely, it was twenty two inches when it was taken, and the belly of it look'd ſome part of it as yellow as a Marygold, and part of it as white as a Lily, and yet me thinks it looks better in this good ſawce.

Coridon. Indeed, honeſt friend, it looks well, and taſtes well, I thank you for it, and ſo does my friend *Peter*, or elſe he is to blame.

Pet. Ye

Pet. Yes, and ſo I do, we all thank you, and when we have ſupt, I wil get my friend *Coridon* to ſing you a Song, for requital.

Cor. I wil ſing a Song if any body wil ſing another; elſe, to be plain with you, I wil ſing none: I am none of thoſe that ſing for meat, but for company; I ſay, 'Tis merry in Hall when men ſing all.

Piſc. I'l promiſe you I'l ſing a Song that was lately made at my requeſt by Mr. *William Baſſe*, one that has made the choice Songs of the *Hunter in his carrere*, and of *Tom of Bedlam*, and many others of note; and this that I wil ſing is in praiſe of Angling.

Cor. And then mine ſhall be the praiſe of a Country mans life: What will the reſt ſing of?

Pet. I wil promiſe you I wil ſing another Song in praiſe of Angling, to-morrow night, for we wil not part till then, but fiſh to morrow, and

ſup

ſup together, and the next day every man leave fiſhing, and fall to his buſineſs.

Viat. 'Tis a match, and I wil provide you a Song or a Ketch againſt then too, that ſhal give ſome addition of mirth to the company; for we wil be merrie.

Piſc. 'Tis a match my maſters; lets ev'n ſay Grace, and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to wet our whiſtles, and ſo ſing away all ſad thoughts.

Come on my maſters, who begins? I think it is beſt to draw cuts and avoid contention.

Pet. It is a match. Look, the ſhorteſt Cut fals to *Coridon.*

Cor. Well then, I wil begin; for I hate contention.

CORIDONS Song.

Oh the ſweet contentment
The country man doth find!

High

high trolollie lollie loe
high trolollie lee,
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind:
Then care away,
and wend along with me.

For Courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tri'd;
high trolollie lollie loe
high trolollie lee,
The City full of wantonness,
and both are full of pride:
Then care away,
and wend along with me.

But oh the honest country man
Speaks truly from his heart,
high trolollie lollie loe
high trolollie lee,
His pride is in his Tillage,
his Horses and his Cart:
Then care away,
and wend along with me.

Our

Our clothing is good ſheep skins
Gray ruſſet for our wives,
high trolollie lollie loe
high trolollie lee.
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
that doth prolong our lives:
Then care away,
and wend along with me.

The ploughman, though he labor hard,
Yet on the Holy-day,
high trolollie lollie loe
high trolollie lee,
No Emperor *ſo merrily*
does paſs his time away:
Then care away,
and wend along with me.

To recompence our Tillage,
The Heavens *afford us ſhowrs;*
high trolollie lollie loe
high trolollie lee,
And for our ſweet refreſhments
the earth affords us bowers:
Then care away,&c.

The

The Cuckoe *and the* Nightingale
full merrily do ſing,
high trolollie lollie loe
high trolollie lee,
And with their pleaſant roundelayes,
bid welcome to the Spring:
Then care away,
and wend along with me.

This is not half the happineſs
the Country man injoyes;
high trolollie lollie loe
high trolollie lee,
Though others think they have as much
yet he that ſays ſo lies:
Then come away, turn
County man with me.

Piſc. Well ſung *Coridon,* this Song was ſung with mettle, and it was choicely fitted to the occaſion; I ſhall love you for it as long as I know you: I would you were a brother of the Angle, for a companion that is cheerful and free from ſwearing

ing and ſcurrilous diſcourſe, is worth gold. I love ſuch mirth as does not make friends aſhamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men (that cannot wel bear it) to repent the money they ſpend when they be warmed with drink: and take this for a rule, you may pick out ſuch times and ſuch companies, that you may make your ſelves merrier for a little then a great deal of money; for *'Tis the company and not the charge that makes the feaſt*: and ſuch a companion you prove, I thank you for it.

But I will not complement you out of the debt that I owe you, and therefore I will begin my Song, and wiſh it may be as well liked.

The Anglers Song.

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The Hound *ſome praiſe, and ſome the* Hawk,
Some

Some better pleas'd with private sport,
Use Tenis, *some a* Mistris *court:*
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunts, *doth oft in danger ride*
Who hauks, *lures oft both far & wide;*
Who uses games, *may often prove*
A loser; but who fals in love,
Is fettered in fond Cupids *snare:*
My Angle breeds me no such care.

Of Recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Then mind and body both possess;
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate;
And seek in life to imitate;
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

And

And when the timerous Trout *I wait*
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing ſometimes I find
Will captivate a greedy mind:
And when none bite, I praiſe the wiſe,
Whom vain alurements ne're ſurpriſe.

But yet though while I fiſh, I faſt,
I make good fortune my repaſt,
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more then that delight:
Who is more welcome to my diſh,
Then to my Angle was my fiſh.

As well content no prize to take
As uſe of taken prize to make;
For ſo our Lord was pleaſed when
He Fiſhers made Fiſhers of men;
Where (which is in no other game)
A man may fiſh and praiſe his name.

The firſt men that our Saviour dear
Did chuſe to wait upon him here,
Bleſt Fiſhers were; and fiſh the laſt
Food was, that he on earth did taſte.

I therefore ſtrive to follow thoſe,
Whom he to follow him hath choſe.
W. B.

Cor. Well ſung brother, you have paid your debt in good coyn, we Anglers are all beholding to the good man that made this Song. Come Hoſtis, give us more Ale and lets drink to him.

And now lets everie one go to bed that we may riſe early; but firſt lets pay our Reckoning, for I wil have nothing to hinder me in the morning, for I will prevent the Sunriſing.

Pet. A match: Come *Coridon*, you are to be my Bed-fellow: I know brother you and your Scholer wil lie together; but where ſhal we meet to morrow night? for my friend *Coridon* and I will go up the water towards *Ware*.

Piſc. And my Scholer and I vvill go down tovvards *Waltam*.

Cor.

Cor, Then lets meet here, for here are freſh ſheets that ſmel of Lavender, and, I am ſure, we cannot expect better meat and better uſage.

Pet. 'Tis a match. Good night to every body.

Piſc. And ſo ſay I.

Viat. And ſo ſay I.

Piſc. Good morrow good Hoſtis, I ſee my brother *Peter* is in bed ſtill; Come, give my Scholer and me a cup of Ale, and be ſure you get us a good diſh of meat againſt ſupper, for we ſhall come hither as hungry as *Hawks*. Come Scholer, lets be going.

Viat. Good Maſter, as we walk towards the water, wil you be pleaſed to make the way ſeeme ſhorter by telling me firſt the nature of the *Trout*, and then how to catch him.

Piſc. My honeſt Scholer, I wil do

it freely: The *Trout* (for which I love to angle above any fish) may be justly said (as the ancient Poets say of Wine, and we English say of Venson) to be a generous fish, because he has his seasons, a fish that comes in, and goes out with the *Stag* or *Buck*: and you are to observe, that as there be some *barren Does*, that are good in Summer; so there be some *barren Trouts*, that are good in Winter; but there are not many that are so, for usually they be in their perfection in the month of *May*, and decline with the *Buck*: Now you are to take notice, that in several Countries, as in *Germany* and in other parts compar'd to ours, they differ much in their bigness, shape, and other wayes, and so do *Trouts*; 'tis wel known that in the Lake *Lemon*, the Lake of *Geneva*, there are *Trouts* taken, of three Cubits long, as is affirmed by *Gesner*, a Writer of good credit: and *Mercator* sayes, the

the *Trouts* that are taken in the Lake of *Geneva*, are a great part of the Merchandize of that famous City. And you are further to know, that there be certaine waters that breed *Trouts* remarkable, both for their number and ſmalneſs- I know a little Brook in *Kent* that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twentie or fortie in an hour, but none greater then about the ſize of a *Gudgion*. There are alſo in divers Rivers, eſpecially that relate to, or be near to the Sea, (as *VVincheſter*, or the Thames about *VVindſor*) a little *Trout* called a *Samlet* or *Skegger Trout* (in both which places I have caught twentie or fortie at a ſtanding) that will bite as faſt and as freely as *Minnows*; theſe be by ſome taken to be young *Salmons*, but in thoſe waters they never grow to bee bigger then a *Herring*.

There is alſo in *Kent*, neer to *Canterbury*, a *Trout* (called there a

Fordig Trout) a *Trout* (that bears the name of the Town where 'tis usually caught) that is accounted rare meat, many of them near the bigness of a *Salmon*, but knowne by their different colour, and in their best season cut very white; and none have been known to be caught with an Angle, unless it were one that was caught by honest Sir *George Hastings*, an excellent Angler (and now with God) and he has told me, he thought that *Trout* bit not for hunger, but wantonness; and 'tis the rather to be believed, because both he then, and many others before him have been curious to search into their bellies what the food was by which they lived; and have found out nothing by which they might satisfie their curiositie.

Concerning which you are to take notice, that it is reported, there is a fish that hath not any mouth, but lives by taking breath by the porins of

of her gils, and feeds and is nourish'd by no man knows what; and this may be believed of the *Fordig Trout*, which (as it is said of the *Stork*, that he knowes his season, so he) knows his times (I think almost his day) of coming into that River out of the Sea, where he lives (and it is like feeds) nine months of the year, and about three in the River of *Fordig*.

And now for some confirmation of this; you are to know, that this *Trout* is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be the better believed, because it is well known, that *Swallowes*, which are not seen to flye in *England* for six months in the year, but about *Michaelmas* leave us for a hotter climate; yet some of them, that have been left behind their fellows, have been found (many thousand at a time) in hollow trees, where they have been observed to live and sleep

View Sir *Fra. Bacon* exper. 898.

See *Topsel* of *Frogs.* out the whole winter without meat; and so *Albertus* observes that there is one kind of *Frog* that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of *August*, and that she lives so all the Winter, and though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many amongst us to bee doubted.

And so much for these *Fordidg Trouts*, which never afford an *Angler* sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water by their meat formerly gotten in the Sea, (not unlike the *Swallow* or *Frog*) or by the vertue of the fresh water only, as the *Camelion* is said to live by the air.

There is also in *Northumberland*, a *Trout*, called a *Bull Trout*, of a much greater length and bignesse then any in these Southern parts; and there is in many Rivers that relate to the Sea, *Salmon Trouts* as much different one from another, both in shape

ſhape and in their ſpots, as we ſee Sheep differ one from another in their ſhape and bigneſs, and in the fineſs of their wool: and certainly as ſome Paſtures do breed larger Sheep, ſo do ſome Rivers, by reaſon of the ground over which they run, breed larger *Trouts*.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your conſideration is, That the *Trout* is of a more ſudden growth then other fiſh: concerning which you are alſo to take notice, that he lives not ſo long as the *Pearch* and divers other fiſhes do, as Sir *Francis Bacon* hath obſerved in his Hiſtory of life and death.

And next, you are to take notice, that after hee is come to his full growth, he declines in his bodie, but keeps his bigneſs or thrives in his head till his death. And you are to know that he wil about (eſpecially before) the time of his Spawning, get almoſt miraculouſly through *Weires*

and

and *Floud-Gates* againſt the ſtream, even through ſuch high and ſwift places as is almoſt incredible. Next, that the *Trout* uſually Spawns about *October* or *November*, but in ſome Rivers a little ſooner or later; which is the more obſervable, becauſe moſt other fiſh Spawne in the Spring or Summer, when the Sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and made it fit for generation.

And next, you are to note, that till the Snn gets to ſuch a height as to warm the earth and the water, the *Trout* is ſick, and lean, and lowſie, and unwholſome: for you ſhall in winter find him to have a big head, and then to be lank, and thin, & lean; at which time many of them have ſticking on them Sugs, or *Trout* lice, which is a kind of a worm, in ſhape like a Clove or a Pin, with a big head, and ſticks cloſe to him and ſucks his moiſture; thoſe I think the *Trout* breeds himſelfe, and never thrives

thrives til he free himſelf from them, which is till warm weather comes, and then as he growes ſtronger, he gets from the dead, ſtill water, into the ſharp ſtreames and the gravel, and there rubs off theſe worms or lice: and then as he grows ſtronger, ſo he gets him into ſwifter and ſwifter ſtreams, and there lies at the watch for any flie or Minow that comes neer to him; and he eſpecially loves the *May* flie, which is bred of the *Cod-worm* or *Caddis*; and theſe make the *Trout* bold and luſtie, and he is uſually fatter, and better meat at the end of that month, then at any time of the year.

Now you are to know, that it is obſerved, that uſually the beſt *Trouts* are either red or yellow, though ſome be white and yet good; but that is not uſual; and it is a note obſervable that the female *Trout* hath uſually a leſs head and a deeper body then the male *Trout*; and a little

head

head to any fiſh, either *Trout*, *Salmon*, or other fiſh, is a ſign that that fiſh is in ſeaſon.

But yet you are to note, that as you ſee ſome Willows or Palm trees bud and bloſſome ſooner then others do, ſo ſome *Trouts* be in ſome Rivers ſooner in ſeaſon; and as the Holly or Oak are longer before they caſt their Leaves, ſo are ſome *Trouts* in ſome Rivers longer before they go out of ſeaſon.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

AND having told you theſe Obſervations concerning *Trouts*, I ſhall next tell you how to catch them: which is uſually with a *Worm*, or a *Minnow* (which ſome call a *Penke*;) or with a *Flie*, either a *natural* or an *artificial* Flie: Concerning which three I wil give you ſome Obſervations and Directions.

For Worms, there be very many ſorts; ſome bred onely in the earth, as the *earth worm*; others amongſt or of plants, as the *dug worm*; and others in the bodies of living creatures; or ſome of dead fleſh, as the *Magot* or *Gentle*, and others.

Now theſe be moſt of them particularly good for particular fiſhes: but for the *Trout* the *dew-worm*, which

(which ſome alſo cal the *Lob-worm*) and the *Brandling* are the chief; and eſpecially the firſt for a great Trout, and the later for a leſſe. There be alſo of *lob-worms*, ſome called *ſquirel-tails* (a worm which has a red head, a ſtreak down the back, and a broad tail) which are noted to be the beſt, becauſe they are the toughest, and and moſt lively, and live longeſt in the water: for you are to know, that a dead worm is but a dead bait, and like to catch nothing, compared to a lively, quick, ſtirring worm: And for a *Brandling*, hee is uſually found in an old dunghil, or ſome very rotten place neer to it; but moſt uſually in cow dung, or hogs dung, rather then horſe dung, which is ſomewhat too hot and dry for that worm.

There are alſo divers other kindes of worms, which for colour and shape alter even as the ground out of which they are got: as the *marſh-worm*,

worm, the *tag-tail*, the *flag-worm*, the *dock-worm*, the *oake-worm*, the *gilt-tail*, and too many to name, even as many ſorts, as ſome think there be of ſeverall kinds of birds in the air: of which I ſhall ſay no more, but tell you, that what worms ſoever you fiſh with, are the better for being long kept before they be uſed; and in caſe you have not been ſo provident, then the way to cleanſe and ſcoure them quickly, is to put them all night in water, if they be Lob-worms, and then put them into your bag with fennel: but you muſt not put your Brandling above an hour in water, and then put them into fennel for ſudden uſe: but if you have time, and purpoſe to keep them long, then they be beſt preſerved in an earthen pot with good ſtore of *moſſe*, which is to be freſh every week or eight dayes; or at leaſt taken from them, and clean waſh'd, and wrung betwixt your hands

hands till it be dry, and then put it to them again: And for Moſs you are to note, that there be divers kindes of it which I could name to you, but wil onely tel you, that that which is likeſt a *Bucks horn* is the beſt; except it be *white* Moſs, which grows on ſome heaths, and is hard to be found.

For the *Minnow* or *Penke*, he is eaſily found and caught in April, for then hee appears in the Rivers: but Nature hath taught him to ſhelter and hide himſelf in the Winter in ditches that be neer to the River, and there both to hide and keep himſelf warm in the weeds, which rot not ſo ſoon as in a running River; in which place if hee were in Winter, the diſtempered Floods that are uſually in that ſeaſon, would ſuffer him to have no reſt, but carry him headlong to Mils and Weires to his confuſion. And of theſe *Minnows*, firſt you are to know, that the

the biggeſt ſize is not the beſt; and next, that the middle ſize and the whiteſt are the beſt: and then you are to know, that I cannot well teach in words, but muſt ſhew you how to put it on your hook, that it may turn the better: And you are alſo to know, that it is impoſsible it ſhould turn too quick: And you are yet to know, that in caſe you want a Minnow, then a ſmall *Loch*, or a *Sticklebag*, or any other ſmall Fiſh will ſerve as wel: And you are yet to know, that you may ſalt, and by that means keep them fit for uſe three or four dayes or longer; and that of ſalt, bay ſalt is the beſt.

Now for *Flies*, which is the third bait wherewith *Trouts* are uſually taken. You are to know, that there are as many ſorts of Flies as there be of Fruits: I will name you but ſome of them: as the *dun flie*, the *ſtone flie*, the *red flie*, the *moor flie*, the *tawny flie*, the *ſhel flie*, the *cloudy* or

blackiſh *flie:* there be of Flies, *Caterpillars*, and *Canker flies*, and *Bear flies*; and indeed, too many either for mee to name, or for you to remember: and their breeding is ſo various and wonderful, that I might eaſily amaze my ſelf, and tire you in a relation of them.

And yet I wil exerciſe your promiſed patience by ſaying a little of the *Caterpillar*, or the *Palmer flie* or *worm*; that by them you may gueſs what a work it were in a Diſcourſe but to run over thoſe very many *flies*, *worms*, and little living creatures with which the Sun and Summer adorn and beautifie the river banks and meadows; both for the recreation and contemplation of the Angler: and which (I think) I myſelf enjoy more then any other man that is not of my profeſsion,

Pliny holds an opinion, that many have their birth or being from a dew that in the Spring falls upon the leaves

leaves of trees; and that ſome kinds of them are from a dew left upon herbs or flowers: and others from a dew left upon Colworts or Cabbages: All which kindes of dews being thickened and condenſed, are by the Suns generative heat moſt of them hatch'd, and in three dayes made living creatures, and of ſeveral ſhapes and colours; ſome being hard and tough, ſome ſmooth and ſoft; ſome are horned in their head, ſome in their tail, ſome have none; ſome have hair, ſome none; ſome have ſixteen feet, ſome leſs, and ſome have none: but (as our *Topſel* hath with great diligence obſerved) thoſe which have none, move upon the earth, or upon broad leaves, their motion being not unlike to the waves of the ſea. Some of them hee alſo obſerves to be bred of the eggs of other Caterpillers: and that thoſe in their time turn to be *Butter-flies*; and again, that their eggs turn the

In his Hiſtory of Serpents.

following yeer to be *Caterpillers.*

'Tis endleſſe to tell you what the curious Searchers into Natures productions, have obſerved of theſe Worms and Flies: But yet I ſhall tell you what our *Topſel* ſayes of the *Canker*, or *Palmer-worm*, or *Caterpiller*; That wheras others content themſelves to feed on particular herbs or leaves (for moſt think, thoſe very leaves that gave them life and ſhape, give them a particular feeding and nouriſhment, and that upon them they uſually abide;) yet he obſerves, that this is called a *Pilgrim* or *Palmer-worm*, for his very wandering life and various food; not contenting himſelf (as others do) with any certain place for his abode, nor any certain kinde of herb or flower for his feeding; but will boldly and diſorderly wander up and down, and not endure to be kept to a diet, or fixt to a particular place.

Nay,

Nay, the very colours of *Caterpillers* are, as one has obſerved, very elegant and beautiful: I ſhal (for a taſte of the reſt) deſcribe one of them, which I will ſometime the next month, ſhew you feeding on a Willow tree, and you ſhal find him punctually to anſwer this very deſcription: "His "lips and mouth ſomewhat yel-"low, his eyes black as Jet, his "fore-head purple, his feet and "hinder parts green, his tail two "forked and black, the whole body "ſtain'd with a kind of red ſpots "which run along the neck and "ſhoulder-blades, not unlike the "form of a Croſs, or the letter X, "made thus croſs-wiſe, and a "white line drawn down his back "to his tail; all which add much "beauty to his whole body. And it is to me obſervable, that at a fix'd age this *Caterpiller* gives over to eat, and towards winter comes to be coverd over with a ſtrange ſhell or cruſt, and

ſo lives a kind of dead life, without eating all the winter, and (as others of ſeveral kinds turn to be ſeveral kinds of flies and vermin, the Spring following) ſo this *Caterpiller* then turns to be a painted Butterflye.

View Sir *Fra. Bacon* exper. 728 & 90. in his Natural Hiſtory

Come, come my Scholer, you ſee the River ſtops our morning walk, and I will alſo here ſtop my diſcourſe, only as we ſit down under this Honey-Suckle hedge, whilſt I look a Line to fit the Rod that our brother *Peter* has lent you, I ſhall for a little confirmation of what I have ſaid, repeat the obſervation of the Lord *Bartas*.

God not contented to each kind to give,
And to infuſe the vertue generative,
By his wiſe power made many creatures breed
Of liveleſs bodies, without Venus *deed.*

So the cold humour breeds the Salamander,
Who (in effect) like to her birth-commander,
With

With child with hundred winters, with her touch
Quencheth the fire, though glowing ne'r so much

So in the fire in burning furnace springs
The fly Perausta *with the flaming wings;*
Without the fire it dies, in it, it joyes,
Living in that which all things else destroyes.

So slow Boötes *underneath him sees* Gerh. Herbal.
In th'icie Islands Goslings *hatcht of trees,* Camden.
Whose fruitful leaves falling into the water,
Are turn'd (tis' known) to living fowls soon after

So rotten planks of broken ships, do change
To Barnacles. *Oh transformation strange!*
'Twas first a green tree, then a broken hull,
Lately a Mushroom, now a flying Gull.

Vi. Oh my good Master, this morning walk has been spent to my great pleasure and wonder: but I pray, when shall I have your direction how to make Artificial flyes, like to those that the *Trout* loves best? and also how to use them?

Pisc. My honest Scholer, it is now past five of the Clock, we will fish til nine, and then go to Breakfast: Go you to yonder *Sycamore tree*, and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it; for about that time, and in that place, we wil make a brave Breakfast with a piece of powdered Bief, and a Radish or two that I have in my Fish-bag; we shall, I warrant you, make a good honest, wholsome, hungry Breakfast, and I will give you direction for the making and using of your fly: and in the mean time, there is your Rod and line; and my advice is, that you fish as you see mee do, and lets try which can catch the first fish.

Viat. I thank you, Master, I will observe and practice your direction as far as I am able.

Pisc. Look you Scholer, you see I have hold of a good fish: I now see it is a *Trout*; I pray put that net under

under him, and touch not my line, for if you do, then wee break all. Well done, Scholer, I thank you. Now for an other. Truſt me, I have another bite: Come Scholer, come lay down your Rod, and help me to land this as you did the other. So, now we ſhall be ſure to have a good diſh of fiſh for ſupper.

Viat. I am glad of that, but I have no fortune; ſure Maſter yours is a better Rod, and better Tackling.

Piſc. Nay then, take mine and I will fiſh with yours. Look you, Scholer, I have another: come, do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another. Oh me he has broke all, there's half a line and a good hook loſt.

Viat. Maſter, I can neither catch with the firſt nor ſecond Angle; I have no fortune.

Piſc. Look you, Scholer, I have yet another: and now having caught three

three brace of *Trouts*, I will tel you a ſhort Tale as we walk towards our Breakfaſt. A Scholer (a Preacher I ſhould ſay) that was to preach to procure the approbation of a Pariſh, that he might be their Lecturer, had got from a fellow Pupil of his the Copy of a Sermon that was firſt preached with a great commendation by him that compoſed and precht it; and though the borrower of it preach't it word for word, as it was at firſt, yet it was utterly diſlik'd as it was preach'd by the ſecond; which the Sermon Borrower complained of to the Lender of it, and was thus anſwered; I lent you indeed my *Fiddle*, but not my *Fiddleſtick*; and you are to know, that every one cannot make muſick with my words which are fitted for my own mouth. And ſo my Scholer, you are to know, that as the ill pronunciation or ill accenting of a word in a Sermon ſpoiles it, ſo the ill carriage of your

your Line, or not fiſhing even to a foot in a right place, makes you loſe your labour: and you are to know, that though you have my Fiddle, that is,my very Rod and Tacklings with which you ſee I catch fiſh, yet you have not my Fiddle ſtick, that is,skill to know how to carry your hand and line; and this muſt be taught you(for you are to remember I told you Angling is an Art) either by practice,or a long obſervation,or both.

But now lets ſay Grace, and fall to Breakfaſt; what ſay you Scholer, to the providence of an old Angler? Does not this meat taſte well? and was not this place well choſen to eat it? for this *Sycamore* tree will ſhade us from the Suns heat.

Viat. All excellent good,Maſter, and my ſtomack excellent too; I have been at many coſtly Dinners that have not afforded me half this content: and now good Maſter,to

your

your promiſed direction for making and ordering my Artificiall flye.

Piſc. My honeſt Scholer, I will do it, for it is a debt due unto you, by my promiſe: and becauſe you ſhall not think your ſelf more engaged to me then indeed you really are, therefore I will tell you freely, I find Mr. *Thomas Barker* (a Gentleman that has ſpent much time and money in Angling) deal ſo judicially and freely in a little book of his of Angling, and eſpecially of making and Angling with a *flye* for a *Trout*, that I will give you his very directions without much variation, which ſhal follow.

Let your rod be light, and very gentle, I think the beſt are of two pieces; the line ſhould not exceed, eſpecially for three or four links towards the hook) I ſay, not exceed

ceed three or four haires; but if you can attain to Angle with one haire, you will have more rises, and catch more fish. Now you must bee sure not to cumber yourselfe with too long a Line, as most do: and before you begin to angle, cast to have the wind on your back, and the Sun (if it shines) to be before you, and to fish down the streame) and carry the point or top of the Rod downeward; by which meanes the shadow of your selfe, and Rod too will be the least offensive to the Fish, for the sight of any shadow amazes the fish, and spoiles your sport, of which you must take a great care.

In the middle of *March* (till which time a man should not in honestie catch a *Trout*) or in *April*, if the weather be dark, or a little windy, or cloudie, the best fishing

is

is with the *Palmer-worm*, of which I laſt ſpoke to you; but of theſe there be divers kinds, or at leaſt of divers colours, theſe and the *May-fly* are the ground of all *fly*-Angling, which are to be thus made:

Firſt you muſt arm your hook, with the line in the inſide of it; then take your Sciſſers and cut ſo much of a browne *Malards* feather as in your own reaſon wil make the wings of it, you having withall regard to the bigneſs or littleneſs of your hook, then lay the outmoſt part of your feather next to your hook, then the point of your feather next the ſhank of your hook; and having ſo done, whip it three or four times about the hook with the ſame Silk, with which your hook was armed, and having made the Silk faſt, take the hackel of a *Cock* or *Capons* neck, or a *Plovers* top, which is uſually better; take off the one ſide of the feather, and then take the hackel, Silk

or

or Crewel, Gold or Silver thred, make these fast at the bent of the hook, that is to say, below your arming) then you must take the hackel, the silver or gold thred, and work it up to the wings, shifting or stil removing your fingers as you turn the Silk about the hook: and still looking at every stop or turne that your gold, or what materials soever you make your *Fly* of, do lye right and neatly; and if you find they do so, then when you have made the head, make all fast, and then work your hackel up to the head, and make that fast; and then with a needle or pin divide the wing into two, and then with the arming Silk whip it about cross-wayes betwixt the wings, and then with your thumb you must turn the point of the feather towards the bent of the hook, and then work three or four times about the shank of the hook and then view the proportion, and if all be neat, and

to your liking, faſten.

I confeſs, no direction can be given to make a man of a dull capacity able to make a flye well; and yet I know, this, with a little practice, wil help and ingenuous Angler in a good degree; but to ſee a fly made by another, is the beſt teaching to make it, and then an ingenuous Angler may walk by the River and mark what fly falls on the water that day, and catch one of them, if he ſee the *Trouts* leap at a fly of that kind, and having alwaies hooks ready hung with him, and having a bag alſo, alwaies with him with Bears hair, or the hair of a brown or ſad coloured Heifer, hackels of a Cock or Capon, ſeveral coloured Silk and Crewel to make the body of the fly, the feathers of a Drakes he ad, black or brown ſheeps wool, or Hogs wool, or hair, thred of Gold, and of ſilver; ſilk of ſeveral colours (eſpecially ſad coloured to make the head:) and there

there be alſo other colour'd feathers both of birds and of peckled fowl. Iſay, having thoſe with him in a bag, and trying to make a flie, though he miſs at firſt, yet ſhal he at laſt hit it better, even to a perfection which none can well teach him; and if he hit to make his *flie* right, and have the luck to hit alſo where there is ſtore of *trouts*, and a right wind, he ſhall catch ſuch ſtore of them, as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the Art of *flie-making*.

Viat. But my loving Maſter, if any wind will not ſerve, then I wiſh I were in *Lapland*, to buy a good wind of one of the honeſt witches, that ſell ſo many winds, and ſo cheap.

Piſc. Marry Scholer, but I would not be there, nor indeed from under this tree; for look how it begins to rain, and by the clouds (if I miſtake not) we ſhall preſently have a ſmoa-

king ſhowre; and therefore ſit cloſe, this *Sycamore tree* will ſhelter us; and I will tell you, as they ſhall come into my mind, more obſervations of flie-fiſhing for a *Trout.*

But firſt, for the Winde; you are to take notice that of the windes the *South winde* is ſaid to be beſt. One obſerves, That

VVhen the winde is ſouth,
It blows your bait into a fiſhes mouth.

Next to that, the *weſt* winde is believed to be the beſt: and having told you that the *Eaſt* winde is the worſt, I need not tell you which winde is beſt in the third degree: And yet (as *Solomon* obſerves, that *Hee that conſiders the winde ſhall never ſow:* ſo hee that buſies his head too much about them, (if the weather be not made extreme cold by an Eaſt winde) ſhall be a little ſuperſtitious: for as it is obſerved by ſome, That there is no good horſe of

of a bad colour; ſo I have obſerved, that if it be a clowdy day, and not extreme cold, let the winde ſit in what corner it will, and do its worſt. And yet take this for a Rule, that I would willingly fiſh on the Lee-ſhore: and you are to take notice, that the Fiſh lies, or ſwimms neerer the bottom in Winter then in Summer, and alſo neerer the bottom in any cold day.

But I promiſed to tell you more of the Flie-fiſhing for a *Trout*, (which I may have time enough to do, for you ſee it rains *May-butter.*) Firſt for a *May-flie*, you may make his body with greeniſh coloured crewel, or willow colour; darkning it in moſt places, with waxed ſilk, or ribd with a black hare, or ſome of them rib'd with ſilver thred; and ſuch wings for the colour as you ſee the flie to have at that ſeaſon; nay at that very day on the water. Or you may make the *Oak-flie* with an Orange-

tawny and black ground, and the brown of a Mallards feather for the wings; and you are to know, that these two are most excellent *flies*, that is, the *May-flie* and the *Oak-flie*: And let me again tell you, that you keep as far from the water as you can possibly, whether you fish with a flie or worm, and fish down the stream; and when you fish with a flie, if it be possible, let no part of your line touch the water, but your flie only; and be stil moving your fly upon the water, or casting it into the water; you your self, being also alwaies moving down the stream. Mr. *Barker* commends severall sorts of the palmer flies, not only those rib'd with silver and gold, but others that have their bodies all made of black, or some with red, and a red hackel; you may also make the *hawthorn-flie*, which is all black and not big, but very smal, the smaller the better; or the *oak-fly*, the body of which is Orange colour

colour and black crewel, with a brown wing, or a *fly* made with a peacocks feather, is excellent in a bright day: you muſt be ſure you want not in your *Magazin* bag, the Peacocks feather, and grounds of ſuch wool, and crewel as will make the Graſshopper: and note, that uſually, the ſmalleſt flies are beſt; and note alſo, that, the light flie does uſually make moſt ſport in a dark day: and the darkeſt and leaſt flie in a bright or cleare day; and laſtly note, that you are to repaire upon any occaſion to your *Magazin bag*, and upon any occaſion vary and make them according to your fancy.

And now I ſhall tell you, that the fiſhing with a naturall flie is excellent, and affords much pleaſure; they may be found thus, the *May-fly* uſually in and about that month neer to the River ſide, eſpecially againſt rain; the *Oak-fly* on the Butt or body of an *Oak* or *Aſh*, from the be-

ginning of *May* to the end of *Auguſt* it is a brownish fly, and eaſie to be ſo found, and ſtands uſually with his head downward, that is to ſay, towards the root of the tree; the ſmal black fly, or *hawthorn* fly is to be had on any Hawthorn buſh, after the leaves be come forth; with theſe and a ſhort Line (as I ſhewed to Angle for a *Chub*) you may dap or dop, and alſo with a *Graſhopper*, behind a tree, or in any deep hole, ſtill making it to move on the top of the water, as if it were alive, and ſtill keeping your ſelf out of ſight, you ſhall certainly have ſport if there be *Trouts*; yea in a hot day, but eſpecially in the evening of a hot day.

And now, Scholer, my direction for fly-fiſhing is ended with this ſhowre, for it has done raining, and now look about you, and ſee how pleaſantly that Meadow looks, nay and the earth ſmels as ſweetly too.

Come

Come let me tell you what holy Mr. *Herbert* saies of such dayes and Flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the River and sit down quietly and try to catch the other brace of *Trouts.*

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and skie,
Sweet dews shal weep thy fall to night,
for thou must die

Sweet Rose, whose hew angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
and thou must die.

Sweet Spring, ful of sweet days & roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My Musick shewes you have your closes,
and all must die.

Only a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives,

But when the whole world turns to cole,
then chiefly lives.

Viat. I thank you, good Maſter, for your good direction for fly-fiſhing, and for the ſweet enjoyment of the pleaſant day, which is ſo far ſpent without offence to God or man. and I thank you for the ſweet cloſe of your diſcourſe with Mr. *Herberts* Verſes, which I have heard, loved Angling; and I do the rather believe it, becauſe he had a ſpirit ſutable to Anglers, and to thoſe Primitive Chriſtians that you love, and have ſo much commended.

Piſc. Well, my loving Scholer, and I am pleaſed to know that you are ſo well pleaſed with my direction and diſcourſe; and I hope you will be pleaſed too, if you find a *Trout* at one of our Angles, which we left in the water to fiſh for it ſelf; you ſhall chuſe which ſhall be yours, and it is an even lay, one catches;

And

And let me tell you, this kind of fiſhing, and laying Night-hooks, are like putting money to uſe, for they both work for the Owners, when they do nothing but ſleep, or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this laſt hour, and ſate as quietly and as free from cares under this *Sycamore*, as *Virgils Tityrus* and his *Melibæus* did under their broad *Beech* tree: No life, my honeſt Scholer, no life ſo happy and ſo pleaſant as the Anglers, unleſs it be the Beggers life in Summer; for then only they take no care, but are as happy as we Anglers.

Viat. Indeed Maſter, and ſo they be, as is witneſſed by the beggers Song, made long ſince by *Frank Daviſon*, a good Poet, who was not a Begger, though he were a good Poet.

Piſc. Can you ſing it, Scholer?

Viat. Sit down a little, good Maſter, and I wii try.

Bright

Bright shines the Sun, play beggers, play,
here's scraps enough to serve to day:
What noise of viols is so sweet
As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want when beggers meet?
A beggers life is for a King:
Eat, drink and play, sleep when we list,
Go where we will so stocks be mist.
Bright shines the Sun, play beggers, &c

The world is ours and ours alone,
For we alone have world at will;
We purchase not, all is our own,
Both fields and streets we beggers fill:
Play beggers play, play beggers play,
here's scraps enough to serve to day.

A hundred herds of black and white
Upon our Gowns securely feed,
And yet if any dare us bite,
He dies therefore as sure as Creed:
Thus beggers Lord it as they please,
And only beggers live at ease:
Bright shines the Sun, play beggers play,
here's scraps enough to serve to day.

Pis-

Piſc. I thank you good Scholer, this Song was well humor'd by the maker, and well remembred and ſung by yuo; and I pray forget not the Ketch which you promiſed to make againſt night, for our Country man honeſt *Coridon* will expect your Ketch and my Song, which I muſt be forc'd to patch up, for it is ſo long ſince I learnt it, that I have forgot a part of it. But come, lets ſtretch our legs a little in a gentle walk to the River, and try what intereſt our Angles wil pay us for lending them ſo long to be uſed by the *Trouts.*

Viat. Oh me, look you Maſter, a fiſh, a fiſh.

Piſc. I marry Sir, that was a good fiſh indeed; if I had had the luck to have taken up that Rod, 'tis twenty to one he ſhould not have broke my line by running to the Rods end, as you ſuffered him; I would have held him, unleſs he had been fellow

to

to the great *Trout* that is neer an ell long, which had his picture drawne, and now to be ſeen at mine Hoſte *Rickabies* at the *George* in *Ware*; and it may be, by giving that *Trout* the Rod, that is, by caſting it to him into the water, I might have caught him at the long run, for ſo I uſe alwaies to do when I meet with an over-grown fiſh, and you will learn to do ſo hereafter; for I tell you, Scholer, fiſhing is an Art, or at leaſt, it is an Art to catch fiſh.

Viat. But, Maſter, will this *Trout* die, for it is like he has the hook in his belly?

Piſc. I wil tel you, Scholer, that unleſs the hook be faſt in his very Gorge, he wil live, and a little time with the help of the water, wil ruſt the hook, & it wil in time wear away as the gravel does in the horſe hoof, which only leaves a falſe quarter.

And now Scholer, lets go to my Rod. Look you Scholer, I have a fiſh

a fiſh too, but it proves a logger-headed *Chub*; and this is not much a miſs, for this wil pleaſure ſome poor body, as we go to our lodging to meet our brother *Peter* and honeſt *Coridon*- Come, now bait your hook again, and lay it into the water, for it rains again, and we wil ev'n retire to the *Sycamore* tree, and there I wil give you more directions concerning fiſhing; for I would fain make yon an Artiſt.

Viat. Yes, good Maſter, I pray let it be ſo.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Pisc. WEL, Scholer, now we are ſate downe and are at eaſe, I ſhall tel you a little more of *Trout* fiſhing before I ſpeak of the *Salmon* (which I purpoſe ſhall be next) and then of the *Pike* or *Luce*. You are to know, there is night as well as day-fiſhing for a *Trout*, and that then the beſt are out of their holds; and the manner of taking them is on the top of the water with a great *Lob* or *Garden worm*, or rather two; which you are to fiſh for in a place where the water runs ſomewhat quietly (for in a ſtream it wil not be ſo well diſcerned.) I ſay, in a quiet or dead place neer to ſome ſwift, there draw your bait over the top of the water to and

and fro, and if there be a good *Trout* in the hole, he wil take it, especially if the night be dark; for then he lies boldly neer the top of the water, watching the motion of any *Frog* or *Water-mouse*, or *Rat* betwixt him and the skie, which he hunts for if he sees the water but wrinkle or move in one of these dead holes, where the great *Trouts* usually lye neer to their hold.

And you must fish for him with a strong line, and not a little hook, and let him have time to gorge your hook; for he does not usually forsake it, as he oft will in the day-fishing: and if the night be not dark, then fish so with an *Artificial fly* of a light colour; nay he will sometimes rise at a dead Mouse or a piece of cloth, or any thing that seemes to swim cross the water, or to be in motion: this is a choice way, but I have not oft used it because it is void of the pleasures that such dayes as

these

theſe that we now injoy, afford an *Angler*.

And you are to know, that in *Hamp-ſhire*, (which I think exceeds all *England* for pleaſant Brooks, and ſtore of *Trouts*) they uſe to catch *Trouts* in the night by the light of a Torch or ſtraw, which when they have diſcovered, they ſtrike with a *Trout* ſpear; this kind of way they catch many, but I would not believe it till I was an eye-witneſs of it, nor like it now I have ſeen it.

Viat. But Maſter, do not *Trouts* ſee us in the night?

Piſc. Yes, and hear, and ſmel too, both then and in the day time, for *Geſner* obſerves, the *Otter* ſmels a fiſh forty furlong off him in the water; and that it may be true, is affirmed by Sir *Francis Bacon* (in the eighth Century of his Natural Hiſtory) who there proves, that waters may be the *Medium* of ſounds, by demonſtrating it thus, *That if you knock*

two

two ſtones together very deep under the water, thoſe that ſtand on a bank neer to that place may hear the noiſe without any diminution of it by the water. He alſo offers the like experiment concerning the letting an *Anchor* fall by a very long Cable or rope on a Rock, or the ſand within the Sea: and this being ſo wel obſerved and demonſtrated, as it is by that learned man, has made me to believe that Eeles unbed themſelves, and ſtir at the noiſe of the Thunder, and not only as ſome think, by the motion or the ſtirring of the earth, which is occaſioned by that Thunder.

And this reaſon of Sir *Francis Bacons* has made me crave pardon of one that I laught at, for affirming that he knew *Carps* come to a certain place in a Pond to be fed at the ringing of a Bel; and it ſhall be a rule for me to make as little noiſe as I can when I am a fiſhing, until Sir *Francis Bacon* be confuted, which I *Exper.* 792

ſhal give any man leave to do,and ſo leave off this Philoſophical diſcourſe for a diſcourſe of fiſhing.

Of which my next ſhall be to tell you, it is certain, that certain fields neer *Lemſter*, a Town in *Hereford-ſhire*,are obſerved, that they make the Sheep that graze upon them more fat then the next, and alſo to bear finer Wool; that is to ſay, that that year in which they feed in ſuch a particular paſture, they ſhall yeeld finer wool then the yeer before they came to feed in it, and courſer again if they ſhall return to their former paſture, and again return to a finer wool being fed in the fine wool ground. Which I tell you,that you may the better believe that I am certain, If I catch a *Trout* in one Meadow, he ſhall be *white* and *faint*,and very like to be *lowſie*; and as certainly if I catch a *Trout* in the next Meadow, he ſhal be ſtrong,and *red*, and *luſty*, and much better meat:

Truſt

Truſt me (Scholer) I have caught many a *Trout* in a particular Meadow, that the very ſhape and inamelled colour of him, has joyed me to look upon him, and I have with *Solomon* concluded, *Every thing is beautifull in his ſeaſon.*

It is now time to tell you next, (according to promiſe) ſome obſervations of the *Salmon*; But firſt, I wil tel you there is a fiſh, called by ſome an *Umber*, and by ſome a *Greyling*, a choice fiſh, eſteemed by many to be equally good with the *Trout*: it is a fiſh that is uſually about eighteen inches long, he lives in ſuch ſtreams as the *Trout* does; and is indeed taken with the ſame bait as a *Trout* is, for he will bite both at the *Minnow*, the *Worm*, and the *Fly*, both *Natural* and *Artificial*: of this fiſh there be many in *Trent*, and in the River that runs by *Salisbury*, and in ſome other leſ-

ſer Brooks; but he is not ſo general a fiſh as the *Trout*, nor to me either ſo good to eat, or ſo pleaſant to fiſh for as the *Trout* is; of which two fiſhes I will now take my leave, and come to my promiſed Obſervations of the *Salmon*, and a little advice for the catching him.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

THE *Salmon* is ever bred in the freſh Rivers (and in moſt Rivers about the month of *Auguſt*) and never grows big but in the *Sea*; and there to an incredible bigneſs in a very ſhort time; to which place they covet to ſwim, by the inſtinct of nature, about a ſet time: but if they be ſtopp'd by *Mills*, *Floud-gates* or *Weirs*, or be by accident loſt in the freſh water, when the others go (which is uſually by flocks or ſholes) then they thrive not.

And the old *Salmon*, both the *Melter* and *Spawner*, ſtrive alſo to get into the *Sea* before Winter; but being ſtopt that courſe, or loſt; gro v ſick in freſh waters, and by degrees unſeaſonable, and kipper, that is,

to have a bony griſtle, to grow (not unlike a *Hauks* beak) on one of his chaps, which hinders him from feeding, and then he pines and dies.

But if he gets to *Sea*, then that griſtle wears away, or is caſt off (as the *Eagle* is ſaid to caſt his bill) and he recovers his ſtrength, and comes next Summer to the ſame River, (if it be poſſible) to enjoy the former pleaſures that there poſſeſt him; for (as one has wittily obſerved) he has (like ſome perſons of Honour and Riches, which have both their winter and Summer houſes) the freſh Rivers for Summer, and the ſalt water for winter to ſpend his life in; which is not (as Sir *Francis Bacon* hath obſerved) above ten years: And it is to be obſerved, that though they grow big in the *Sea*, yet they grow not fat but in freſh Rivers; and it is obſerved, that the farther they get from the *Sea*, the better they be.

In his Hiſtory of Life and Death.

And

And it is obſerved, that, to the end they may get far from the *Sea*, either to Spawne or to poſſeſs the pleaſure that they then and there find, they will force themſelves over the tops of *Weirs*, or *Hedges*, or *ſtops* in the water, by taking their tails into their mouthes, and leaping over thoſe places, even to a height beyond common belief: and ſometimes by forcing themſelves againſt the ſtreame through Sluces and Floud-gates, beyond common credit. And 'tis obſerved by *Geſner*, that there is none bigger then in *England*, nor none better then in Thames.

And for the *Salmons* ſudden growth, it has been obſerved by tying a Ribon in the tail of ſome number of the young *Salmons*, which have been taken in *Weires*, as they ſwimm'd towards the ſalt water, and then by taking a part of them again with the ſame mark, at the ſame

place,at their returne from the Sea, which is uſually about ſix months after; and the like experiment hath been tried upon young *Swallows*, who have after ſix months abſence, been oſerved to return to the ſame chimney, there to make their neſts, and their habitations for the Summer following; which hath inclined many to think, that every *Salmon* uſually returns to the ſame River in which it was bred, as young *Pigeons* taken out of the ſame *Dove-cote*,have alſo been obſerved to do.

And you are yet to obſerve further, that the He *Salmon* s uſually bigger then the Spawner,and that he is more kipper, & leſs able to endure a winter in the freſh water, then the She is; yet ſhe is at that time of looking leſs kipper and better, as watry and as bad meat.

And yet you are to obſerve, that as there is no general rule without an exception, ſo there is ſome few Rivers

Rivers in this Nation that have *Trouts* and *Salmon* in ſeaſon in winter. But for the obſervations of that and many other things, I muſt in manners omit, becauſe they wil prove too large for our narrow compaſs of time, and therefore I ſhall next fall upon my direction how to fiſh for the *Salmon*.

And for that, firſt, you ſhall obſerve, that uſually he ſtaies not long in a place (as *Trouts* wil) but (as I ſaid) covets ſtill to go neerer the Spring head; and that he does not (as the *Trout* and many other fiſh) lie neer the water ſide or bank, or roots of trees, but ſwims uſually in the middle, and neer the ground; and that there you are to fiſh for him; and that he is to be caught as the *Trout* is, with a *Worm*, a *Minnow*, (which ſome call a *Penke*) or with a *Fly*.

And you are to obſerve, that he is very, very ſeldom obſerved to bite at

at a *Minnow* (yet ſometime he will) and not oft at a *fly*, but more uſually at a *Worm*, and then moſt uſually at a *Lob* or *Garden worm*, which ſhould be wel ſcowred, that is to ſay, ſeven or eight dayes in Moſs before you fiſh with them; and if you double your time of eight into ſixteen, or more, into twenty or more days, it is ſtill the better, for the worms will ſtil be clearer, tougher, and more lively, and continue ſo longer upon your hook.

And now I ſhall tell you, that which may be called a ſecret: I have been a fiſhing with old *Oliver Henly* (now with God) a noted Fiſher, both for *Trout* and *Salmon*, and have obſerved that he would uſually take three or four worms out of his bag and put them into a little box in his pocket, where he would uſually let them continue half an hour or more, before he would bait his hook with them; I have ask'd him his reaſon, and

and he has replied, *He did but pick the best out to be in a readiness against he baited his hook the next time*: But he has been observed both by others, and my self, to catch more fish then I or any other body, that has ever gone a fishing with him, could do, especially *Salmons*; and I have been told lately by one of his most intimate and secret friends, that the box in which he put those worms was anointed with a drop, or two, or three of the Oil of *Ivy-berries*, made by expression or infusion, and that by the wormes remaining in that box an hour, or a like time, they had incorporated a kind of smel that was irresistibly attractive, enough to force any fish, within the smel of them, to bite. This I heard not long since from a friend, but have not tryed it; yet I grant it probable, and refer my Reader to Sir *Francis Bacons* Natural History, where he proves fishes may hear; and I am certain *Gesner*

ſayes, the *Otter* can ſmell in the water, and know not that but fiſh may do ſo too: 'tis left for a lover of Angling, or any that deſires to improve that Art, to try this concluſion.

I ſhall alſo impart another experiment (but not tryed by my ſelfe) which I wil deliver in the ſame words as it was by a friend, given me in writing.

Take the ſtinking oil drawn out of Polypody *of the Oak, by a retort mixt with* Turpentine, *and Hive-honey, and annoint your bait therewith, and it will doubtleſſe draw the fiſh to it.*

But in theſe things I have no great faith, yet grant it probable, and have had from ſome chimical men (namely, from Sir *George Haſtings* and others) an affirmation of them to be very advantageous: but no more of theſe, eſpecially not in this place.

I might here, before I take my leave

leave of the *Salmon*, tell you, that there is more then one ſort of them, as namely, a *Tecon*, and another called in ſome places a *Samlet*, or by ſome, a *Skegger:* but theſe (and others which I forbear to name) may be fiſh of another kind, and differ, as we know a *Herring* and a *Pilcher* do; but muſt by me be left to the diſquiſitions of men of more leiſure and of greater abilities, then I profeſs myſelf to have.

And laſtly, I am to borrow ſo much of your promiſed patience, as to tell you, that the *Trout* or *Salmon*, being in ſeaſon, have at their firſt taking out of the water (which continues during life) their bodies adorned, the one with ſuch red ſpots, and the other with black or blackiſh ſpots, which gives them ſuch an addition of natural beautie, as I (that yet am no enemy to it) think was never given to any woman by the Artificial Paint or Patch-

Patches in which they ſo much pride themſelves in this age. And ſo I ſhall leave them and proceed to ſome Obſervations of the *Pike.*

CHAP. VII.

Piſc. IT is not to be doubted but that the *Luce*, or *Pikrell*, or *Pike* breeds by Spawning; and yet *Geſner* ſayes, that ſome of them breed, where none ever was, out of a weed called *Pikrell-weed*, and other glutinous matter, which with the help of the Suns heat proves in ſome particular ponds (apted by nature for it) to become *Pikes.*

In his Hiſtory of Life and Death.

Sir *Francis Bacon* obſerves the *Pike* to be the longeſt lived of any freſh water fiſh, and yet that his life is not

not uſually above fortie years; and yet *Geſner* mentions a *Pike* taken in *Swedeland* in the year 1449, with a Ring about his neck, declaring he was put into the Pond by *Frederick* the ſecond, more then two hundred years before he was laſt taken, as the Inſcription of that Ring, being Greek, was interpreted by the then Biſhop of *Worms*. But of this no more, but that it is obſerved that the old or very great *Pikes* have in them more of ſtate then goodneſs; the ſmaller or middle ſiz'd *Pikes* being by the moſt and choiceſt palates obſerved to be the beſt meat; but contrary, the Eele is obſerved to be the better for age and bigneſs.

All *Pikes* that live long prove chargeable to their keepers, becauſe their life is maintained by the death of ſo many other fiſh, even thoſe of his owne kind, which has made him by ſome Writers to bee called the *Tyrant* of the Rivers, or the *Freſh*

water

water-wolf, by reaſon of his bold, greedy, devouring diſpoſition; which is ſo keen, as *Geſner* relates, a man going to a Pond (where it ſeems a *Pike* had devoured all the fiſh) to water his Mule, had a *Pike* bit his Mule by the lips, to which the *Pike* hung ſo faſt, that the *Mule* drew him out of the water, and by that accident the owner of the *Mule* got the *Pike*; I tell you who relates it, and ſhall with it tel you what a wiſe man has obſerved, *It is a hard thing to perſwade the belly, becauſe it hath no ears.*

But if this relation of *Geſners* bee diſ-believed, it is too evident to bee doubted that a *Pike* will devoure a fiſh of his own kind, that ſhall be bigger then this belly or throat will receive; and ſwallow a part of him, and let the other part remaine in his mouth till the ſwallowed part be digeſted, and then ſwallow that other part that was in his mouth, and ſo put

put it over by degrees. And it is obſerved, that the *Pike* will eat venemous things (as ſome kind of *Frogs* are) and yet live without being harmed by them: for, as ſome ſay, he has in him a natural Balſome or Antidote againſt all Poiſon: and others, that he never eats a venemous *Frog* till he hath firſt killed her, and then (as *Ducks* are obſerved to do to *Frogs* in Spawning time, at which time ſome *Frogs* are obſerved to be venemous) ſo throughly waſht her, by tumbling her up and down in the water, that he may devour her without danger. And *Geſner* affirms, that a *Polonian* Gentleman did faithfully aſſure him, he had ſeen two young Geeſe at one time in the belly of a *Pike*: and hee obſerves, that in *Spain* there is no *Pikes*, and that the biggeſt are in the Lake *Thracimane* in *Italy*, and the next, if not equal to them, are the *Pikes* of *England*.

The *Pike* is alſo obſerved to be a melancholly, and a bold fiſh: Melancholly, becauſe he alwaies ſwims or reſts himſelfe alone, and never ſwims in ſholes, or with company, as *Roach*, and *Dace*, and moſt other fiſh do: And bold, becauſe he fears not a ſhadow, or to ſee or be ſeen of any body, as the *Trout* and *Chub*, and all other fiſh do.

And it is obſerved by *Geſner*, that the bones, and hearts, & gals of *Pikes* are very medicinable for ſeveral Diſeaſes, as to ſtop bloud, to abate Fevers, to cure Agues, to oppoſe or expel the infection of the Plague, and to be many wayes medicinable and uſeful for the good of mankind; but that the biting of a *Pike* is venemous and hard to be cured.

And it is obſerved, that the *Pike* is a fiſh that breeds but once a year, and that other fiſh (as namely *Loaches*) do breed oftner; as we are certaine Pigeons do almoſt every month, and

yet

yet the Hawk, a bird of prey (as the *Pike* is of fish) breeds but once in twelve months: and you are to note, that his time of breeding or Spawning is usually about the end of *February*; or somewhat later, in *March*, as the weather proves colder or warmer: and to note, that his manner of breeding is thus, a He and a She *Pike* will usually go together out of a River into some ditch or creek, and that there the Spawner casts her eggs, and the Melter hovers over her all that time that she is casting her Spawn, but touches her not. I might say more of this, but it might be thought curiosity or worse, and shall therefore forbear it, and take up so much of your attention as to tell you that the best of *Pikes* are noted to be in Rivers, then those in great Ponds or Meres, and the worst in smal Ponds.

And now I shall proceed to

give you ſome directions how to catch this *Pike.*

which you have with ſo much patience heard me talk of.

His feeding is uſually *fiſh* or *frogs*, and ſometime a weed of his owne, called *Pikrel-weed*, of which I told you ſome think ſome *Pikes* are bred; for they have obſerved, that where no *Pikes* have been put into a Pond, yet that there they have been found, and that there has been plenty of that

that weed in that Pond, and that that weed both breeds and feeds them; but whether those *Pikes* so bred will ever breed by generation as the others do, I shall leave to the disquisitions of men of more curiosity and leisure then I profess my self to have; and shall proceed to tell you, that you may fish for a *Pike*, either with a ledger, or a walking-bait; and you are to note, that I call that a ledger which is fix'd, or made to rest in one certaine place when you shall be absent; and that I call that a walking bait, which you take with you, and have ever in motion. Concerning which two, I shall give you this direction, That your ledger bait is best to be a living bait, whether it be a fish or a Frog; and that you may make them live the longer, you may, or indeed you must take this course:

First, for your live bait of fi h, a *Roch* or *Dace* is (I think) best and most

tempting, and a *Pearch* the longeſt liv'd on a hook; you muſt take your knife, (which cannot be too ſharp) and betwixt the head and the fin on his back, cut or make an inſition, or ſuch a ſcar as you may put the arming wyer of your hook into it, with as little bruiſing or hurting the fiſh as Art and diligence will enable you to do, and ſo carrying your arming wyer along his back, unto, or neer the tail of your fiſh, betwixt the skin and the body of it, draw out that wyer or arming of your hook at another ſcar neer to his tail; then tye him about it with thred, but no harder then of neceſſitie you muſt to prevent hurting the fiſh; and the better to avoid hurting the fiſh, ſome have a kind of probe to open the way, for the more eaſie entrance and paſſage of your wyer or arming: but as for theſe, time and a little experience will teach you better then I can by words; for of this I will for the pre-

ſent

ſent ſay no more, but come next to give you ſome directions how to bait your hook with a Frog.

Viat. But, good Maſter, did not you ſay even now, that ſome *Frogs* were venemous, and is it not dangerous to touch them?

Piſc. Yes, but I wil give you ſome Rules or Cautions concerning them: And firſt, you are to note, there is two kinds of *Frogs*; that is to ſay, (if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf) a *fleſh* and a *fiſh-frog*: by fleſh *frogs*, I mean, *frogs* that breed and live on the land; and of theſe there be ſeveral ſorts and colours, ſome being peckled, ſome greeniſh, ſome blackiſh, or brown: the green *Frog*, which is a ſmal one, is by *Topſell* taken to be venemous; and ſo is the *Padock*, or *Frog-Padock*, which uſually keeps or breeds on the land, and is very large and bony, and big, eſpecially the She *frog* of that kind; yet theſe wil ſometime come into the water,

but it is not often; and the land *frogs* are some of them observed by him, to breed by laying eggs, and others to breed of the slime and dust of the earth, and that in winter they turn to slime again, and that the next Summer that very slime returns to be a living creature; this is the opinion of *Pliny*: and* *Cardanus* undertakes to give reason for the raining of *Frogs*; but if it were in my power, it should rain none but water *Frogs*, for those I think are not venemous, especially the right water *Frog*, which about *February* or *March* breeds in ditches by slime and blackish eggs in that slime, about which time of breeding the He and She *frog* are observed to use divers simber salts, and to croke and make a noise, which the land *frog*, or *Padock frog* never does. Now of these water *Frogs*, you are to chuse the yellowest that you can get, for that the *Pike* ever likes best. And thus use your *Frog*,

In his 16th Book, *De subtil. ex.*

Frog, that he may continue long alive:

Put your hook into his mouth, which you may eaſily do from about the middle of *April* till *Auguſt*, and then the *Frogs* mouth grows up and he continues ſo for at leaſt ſix months without eating, but is ſuſtained, none, but he whoſe name is Wonderful, knows how. I ſay, put yourhook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and Silk ſow the upper part of his leg with only one ſtitch to the armed wire of your hook, or tie the *frogs* leg above the upper joint to the armed wire, and in ſo doing uſe him as though you loved him, that is, harme him as little as you may poſſibly, that he may live the longer.

And now, having given you this direction for the baiting your ledger hook with a live fiſh or frog, my next muſt be to tell you, how your hook

hook thus baited muſt or may be uſed; and it is thus: Having faſtned your hook to a line, which if it be not fourteen yards long, ſhould not be leſs then twelve; you are to faſten that line to any bow neer to a hole where a *Pike* is, or is likely to lye, or to have a haunt, and then windyour line on any forked ſtick, all yonr line, except a half yard of it, or rather more, and ſplit that forked ſtick with ſuch a nick or notch at one end of it, as may keep the line from any more of it ravelling from about the ſtick, then ſo much of it as you intended; and chuſe your forked ſtick to be of that bigneſs as may keep the *fiſh* or *frog* from pulling the forked ſtick under the water till the *Pike* bites, and then the *Pike* having pulled the line forth of the clift or nick in which it was gently faſtened, will have line enough to go to his hold and powch the bait: and if you would have this ledger bait to keep at a fixt place, undiſtur-

diſturbed by wind or other accidents, which may drive it to the ſhoare ſide(for you are to note that it is likelieſt to catch a *Pike* in the midſt of the water) then hang a ſmall Plummet of lead, a ſtone, or piece of tyle, or a turfe in a ſtring, and caſt it into the water, with the forked ſtick to hang upon the ground, to be as an Anchor to keep the forked ſtick from moving out of your intended place till the *Pike* come. This I take to be a very good way, to uſe ſo many ledger baits as you intend to make tryal of.

Or if you bait your hooks thus, with live fiſh or Frogs, and in a windy day faſten them thus to a bow or bundle of ſtraw, and by the help of that wind can get them to move croſs a *Pond* or *Mere*, you are like to ſtand ſtill on the ſhoar and ſee ſport, if there be any ſtore of *Pikes*; or theſe live baits may make ſport, being tied about the body or wings

wings of a *Goose* or *Duck*, and ſhe chaſed over a Pond: and the like may be done with turning three or four live baits thus faſtened to bladders, or boughs, or bottles of hay, or flags, to ſwim down a *River*, whilſt you walk quietly on the ſhore along with them, and are ſtill in expectation of ſport. The reſt muſt be taught you by practice, for time will not alow me to ſay more of this kind of fiſhing with live baits.

And for your dead bait for a *Pike*, for that you may be taught by one dayes going a fiſhing with me or any other body that fiſhes for him, for the baiting your hook with a dead *Gudgion* or a *Roch*, and moving it up and down the water, is too eaſie a thing to take up any time to direct you to do it; and yet, becauſe I cut you ſhort in that, I will commute for it, by telling you that that was told me for a ſecret: it is this:

Diſſolve

Dissolve Gum of Ivie *in Oyle of* Spike, *and therewith annoint your dead bait for a* Pike, *and then cast it into a likely place, and when it has layen a short time at the bottom, draw it towards the top of the water, and so up the stream, and it is more then likely that you have a* Pike *follow you with more then common eagernes.*

This has not been tryed by me, but told me by a friend of note, that pretended to do me a courtesie: but if this direction to catch a Pike thus do you no good, I am certaine this direction how to roste him when he is caught, is choicely good, for I have tryed it, and it is somewhat the better for not being common; but with my direction you must take this Caution, that your Pike must not be a smal one.

First open your Pike *at the gills, and if need be, cut also a little slit towards his belly; out of these, take his guts, and keep his liver, which you*

are

are to ſhred very ſmall with Time, Sweet Margerom, *and a little* Winter-Savoury; *to theſe put ſome pickled* Oyſters, *and ſome* Anchovis, *both theſe laſt whole* (*for the* Anchovis *will melt, and the* Oyſters *ſhould not*) *to theſe you muſt add alſo a pound of ſweet Butter, which you are to mix with the herbs that are ſhred, and let them all be well ſalted* (*if the* Pike *be more then a yard long, then you may put into theſe herbs more then a pound, or if he be leſs, then leſs Butter will ſufficе:*) *theſe being thus mixt, with a blade or two of Mace, muſt be put into the* Pikes *belly, and then his belly ſowed up; then you are to thruſt the ſpit through his mouth out at his tail; and then with four, or five, or ſix ſplit ſticks or very thin laths, and a convenient quantitie of tape or filiting, theſe laths are to be tyed round about the* Pikes *body, from his head to his tail, and the tape tied ſomewhat thick to prevent his breaking or falling off from the*

the ſpit; let him be roſted very leiſurely, and often baſted with Claret wine, and Anchovis, and butter mixt together, and alſo with what moiſture falls from him into the pan: when you have roſted him ſufficiently, you are to hold under him (when you unwind or cut the tape that ties him) ſuch a diſh as you purpoſe to eat him out of, and let him fall into it with the ſawce that is roſted in his belly; and by this means the Pike *will be kept unbroken and complete; then to the ſawce, which was within him, and alſo in the pan, you are to add a fit quantity of the beſt butter, and to ſqueeze the juice of three or four Oranges: laſtly, you may either put into the* Pike *with the* Oyſters, *two cloves of Garlick, and take it whole out when the* Pike *is cut off the ſpit, or to give the ſawce a hogoe, let the diſh (into which you let the* Pike *fall) be rubed with it; the uſing or not uſing of this Garlick is left to your diſcretion.*

This

This diſh of meat is too good for any but Anglers or honeſt men; and, I truſt, you wil prove both, and therefore I have truſted you with this Secret. And now I ſhall proceed to give you ſome Obſervations concerning the *Carp*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Pisc. THE *Carp* is a ſtately, a good, and a ſubtle fiſh, a fiſh that hath not (as it is ſaid) been long in *England*, but ſaid to be by one Mr. *Maſcall* (a G ntleman then living at *Plumſted* in *Suſſex*) brought into this Nation: and for the better confirmation of this, you are to remember I told you that *Geſner* ſayes, there is not a *Pike* in *Spain*, and that except the Eele, which lives longeſt out of the water, there is none that will endure more hardneſs, or live longer then a *Carp* will out of it, and ſo the report of his being brought out of a forrain Nation into this, is the more probable.

Carps and *Loches* are obſerved to breed ſeveral months in one year,

which moſt other fiſh do not, and it is the rather believed, becauſe you ſhall ſcarce or never take a *Male Carp* without a *Melt*, or a *Female* without a *Roe* or *Spawn*; and for the moſt part very much, and eſpecially all the Summer ſeaſon; and it is obſerved, that they breed more naturally in Ponds then in running waters, and that thoſe that live in Rivers are taken by men of the beſt palates to be much the better meat.

And it is obſerved, that in ſome Ponds *Carps* will not breed, eſpecially in cold Ponds; but where they will breed, they breed innumerably, if there be no *Pikes* nor *Pearch* to devour their Spawn, when it is caſt upon graſs, or flags, or weeds, where it lies ten or twelve dayes before it be enlivened.

The *Carp*, if he have water room and good feed, will grow to a very great bigneſs and length: I have heard

heard, to above a yard long; though I never ſaw one above thirty three inches, which was a very great and goodly fiſh.

Now as the increaſe of *Carps* is wonderful for their number; ſo there is not a reaſon found out, I think, by any, why the ſhould breed in ſome Ponds, and not in others of the ſame nature, for ſoil and all other circumſtances; and as their breeding, ſo are their decayes alſo very myſterious; I have both read it, and been told by a Gentleman of tryed honeſtie, that he has knowne ſixtie or more large *Carps* put into ſeveral Ponds neer to a houſe, where by reaſon of the ſtakes in the Ponds, and the Owners conſtant being neer to them, it was impoſſible they ſhould be ſtole away from him, and that when he has after three or four years emptied the Pond, and expected an increaſe from them by breeding young ones (for that they might do

ſo, he had, as the rule is, put in three Melters for one Spawner) he has, I ſay, after three or four years found neither a young nor old *Carp* remaining: And the like I have known of one that has almoſt watched his Pond, and at a like diſtance of time at the fiſhing of a Pond, found of ſeventy or eighty large *Carps*, not above five or ſix: and that he had forborn longer to fiſh the ſaid Pond, but that he ſaw in a hot day in Summer, a large *Carp* ſwim neer to the top of the water with a *Frog* upon his head, and that he upon that occaſion cauſed his Pond to be let dry: and I ſay, of ſeventie or eighty *Carps*, only found five or ſix in the ſaid Pond, and thoſe very ſick and lean, and with every one a Frog ſticking ſo faſt on the head of the ſaid *Carps*, that the Frog would not bee got off without extreme force or killing, and the Gentleman that did affirm this to me, told me

me he ſaw it, and did declare his belief to be (and I alſo believe the ſame) that he thought the other *Carps* that were ſo ſtrangely loſt, were ſo killed by *Frogs*, and then devoured.

But I am faln into this diſcourſe by accident, of which I might ſay more, but it has proved longer then I intended, and poſſibly may not to you be conſiderable; I ſhall therefore give you three or four more ſhort obſervations of the *Carp*, and then fall upon ſome directions how you ſhall fiſh for him.

The age of *Carps* is by S. *Francis Bacon* (in his Hiſtory of Life and Death) obſerved to be but ten years; yet others think they live longer: but moſt conclude, that (contrary to the *Pike* or *Luce*) all *Carps* are the better for age and bigneſs; the tongues of *Carps* are noted to be choice and coſtly meat, eſpecially to them that buy them; but *Geſner* ſayes, *Carps*

have no tongues like other fiſh, but a piece of fleſh-like-fiſh in their mouth like to a tongue, and may be ſo called, but it is certain it is choicely good, and that the *Carp* is to be reckoned amongſt thoſe leather mouthed fiſh, which I told you have their teeth in their throat, and for that reaſon he is very ſeldome loſt by breaking his hold, if your hook bee once ſtuck into his chaps.

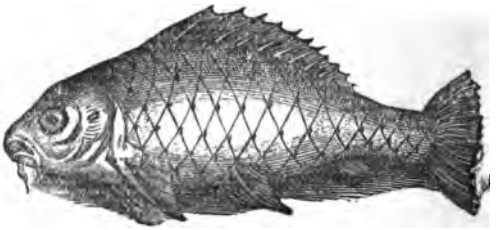
I told you, that Sir *Francis Bacon* thinks that the *Carp* lives but ten years; but *Janus Dubravius* (a *Germane* as I think) has writ a book in Latine of Fiſh and Fiſh Ponds, in which he ſayes, that *Carps* begin to Spawn at the age of three yeers, and continue to do ſo till thirty; he ſayes alſo, that in the time of their breeding, which is in Summer when the Sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and ſo apted them alſo for generation, that then three or

four

four Male *Carps* will follow a Female, and that then ſhe putting on a ſeeming coyneſs, they force her through weeds and flags, where ſhe lets fall her eggs or Spawn, which ſticks faſt to the weeds, and then they let fall their Melt upon it, and ſo it becomes in a ſhort time to be a living fiſh; and, as I told you, it is thought the *Carp* does this ſeveral months in the yeer, and moſt believe that moſt fiſh breed after this manner, except the Eele: and it is thought that all *Carps* are not bred by generation, but that ſome breed otherwayes, as ſome *Pikes* do.

Much more might be ſaid out of him, and out of *Ariſtotle*, which *Dubravius* often quotes in his Diſcourſe, but it might rather perplex then ſatisfie you, and therefore I ſhall rather chuſe to direct you how to catch, then ſpend more time in

diſcourſing either of the nature or the breeding of this *Carp*,



or of any more circumſtances concerning him, but yet I ſhall remember you of what I told you before, that he is a very ſubtle fiſh and hard to be caught.

And my firſt direction is, that if you will fiſh for a *Carp*, you muſt put on a very large meaſure of *patience*, eſpecially to fiſh for a *River Carp*: I have knowne a very good Fiſher angle

angle diligently four or ſix hours in a day, for three or four dayes together for a *River Carp*, and not have a bite: and you are to note, that in ſome Ponds it is as hard to catch a *Carp* as in a River; that is to ſay, where they have ſtore of feed, & the water is of a clayiſh colour; but you are to remember, that I have told you there is no rule without an exception, and therefore being poſſeſt with that hope and patience which I wiſh to all Fiſhers, eſpecially to the *Carp-Angler*, I ſhall tell you with what bait to fiſh for him; but that muſt be either early or ate, and let me tell you, that in hot weather (for he will ſeldome bite in cold) you cannot bee too early or too late at it.

The *Carp* bites either at wormes or at Paſte; and of worms I think the blewiſh Marſh or Meadow worm is beſt; but poſſibly another worm not too big may do as well, and ſo may

may a Gentle: and as for Paſtes, there are almoſt as many ſorts as there are Medicines for the Tooth-ach, but doubtleſs ſweet Paſtes are beſt; I mean, Paſtes mixt with honey, or with Sugar; which, that you may the better beguile this crafty fiſh, ſhould be thrown into the Pond or place in which you fiſh for him ſome hours before you undertake your tryal of skil by the Angle-Rod: and doubtleſs, if it be thrown into the water a day or two before, at ſeveral times, and in ſmal pellets, you are the likelier when you fiſh for the *Carp*, to obtain your deſired ſport: or in a large Pond, to draw them to any certain place, that they may the better and with more hope be fiſhed for: you are to throw into it, in ſome certaine place, either grains, or bloud mixt with Cow-dung, or with bran; or any Garbage, as Chickens guts or the like, and then ſome of your ſmal ſweet pellets,

with

with which you purpoſe to angle; theſe ſmal pellets, being few of them thrown in as you are Angling.

And your Paſte muſt bee thus made: Take the fleſh of a Rabet or Cat cut ſmal, and Bean-flower, or (if not eaſily got then) other flowre, and then mix theſe together, and put to them either Sugar, or Honey, which I think better, and then beat theſe together in a Mortar; or ſometimes work them in your hands, (your hands being very clean) and then make it into a ball, or two, or three, as you like beſt for your uſe: but you muſt work or pound it ſo long in the Mortar, as to make it ſo tough as to hang upon your hook without waſhing from it, yet not too hard; or that you may the better keep it on your hook, you may kneade with your Paſte a little (and not much) white or yellowiſh wool.

And if you would have this Paſte keep all the year for any other fiſh, then

then mix with it *Virgins-wax* and *clarified honey*, and work them together with your hands before the fire; then make these into balls, and it will keep all the yeer.

And if you fish for a *Carp* with Gentles, then put upon your hook a small piece of Scarlet about this bigness [redacted], it being soked in, or annointed with *Oyl of Peter*, called by some, *Oyl of the Rock*; and if your Gentles be put two or three dayes before into a box or horn anointed with Honey, and so put upon your hook, as to preserve them to be living, you are as like to kill this craftie fish this way as any other; but still as you are fishing, chaw a little white or brown bread in your mouth, and cast it into the Pond about the place where your flote swims. Other baits there be, but these with diligence, and patient watchfulness, will do it as well as any as I have ever practised, or heard

heard of: and yet I ſhall tell you, that the crumbs of white bread and honey made into a Paſte, is a good bait for a *Carp*, and you know it is more eaſily made. And having ſaid thus much of the *Carp*, my next diſcourſe ſhal be of the *Bream*, which ſhall not prove ſo tedious, and therefore I deſire the continuance of your attention.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Pisc. THE *Bream* being at a full growth, is a large and ſtately fiſh, he will breed both in Rivers and Ponds, but loves beſt to live in Ponds, where, if he likes the aire, he will grow not only to be very large, but as fat as a Hog: he is by *Geſner* taken to be more pleaſant or ſweet then wholeſome; this fiſh is long in growing, but breeds exceedingly in a water that pleaſes him, yea, in many Ponds ſo faſt, as to over ſtore them, and ſtarve the other fiſh.

The Baits good for to catch the *Bream* are many; as namely, young Waſps, and a Paſte made of brown bread and honey, or Gentels, or eſpecially

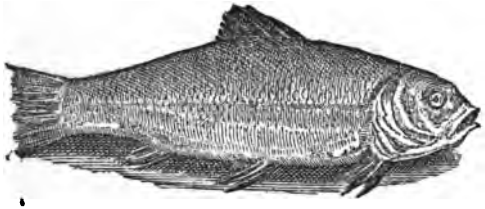
eſpecially a worm, a worm that is not much unlike a Magot, which you will find at the roots of *Docks*, or of *Flags*, or of *Ruſhes* that grow in the water, or watry places, and a *Graſhopper* having his legs nip'd off, or a flye that is in *June* and *July* to be found amongſt the green Reed, growing by the water ſide, thoſe are ſaid to bee excellent baits. I doubt not but there be many others that both the *Bream* and the *Carp* alſo would bite at; but theſe time and expe rience will teach you how to find out: And ſo having according to my promiſe given you theſe ſhort Obſervations concerning the *Bream*, I ſhall alſo give you ſome Obſervations concerning the *Tench*, and thoſe alſo very briefly.

The *Tench* is obſerved to love to live in Ponds; but if he be in a River, then in the ſtill places of the River, he is obſerved to be a Phyſician to other

other fiſhes, and is ſo called by many that have been ſearchers into the nature of fiſh; and it is ſaid, that a *Pike* will neither devour nor hurt him, becauſe the *Pike* being ſick or hurt by any accident, is cured by touching the *Tench*, and the *Tench* does the like to other fiſhes, either by touching them, or by being in their company.

Randelitius ſayes in his diſcourſe of fiſhes (quoted by *Geſner*) that at his being at *Rome*, he ſaw certaine Jewes apply *Tenches* to the feet of a ſick man for a cure; and it is obſerved, that many of thoſe people have many Secrets unknown to Chriſtians, ſecrets which have never been written, but have been ſucceſsively ſince the dayes of *Solomon* (who knew the nature of all things from the Shrub to the Cedar) delivered by tradition from the father to the ſon, and ſo from generation to generation without writing, or (unleſs it

it were caſually) without the leaſt communicating them to any other Nation or Tribe (for to do ſo, they account a profanation): yet this fiſh, that does by a natural inbred Balſome, not only cure himſelfe if he be wounded, but others alſo, loves not to live in clear ſtreams paved with gravel, but in ſtanding waters, where mud and the worſt of weeds abound, and therefore it is, I think, that this *Tench*



is by ſo many accounted better for

Medicines then for meat: but for the first, I am able to say little; and for the later, can say positively, that he eats pleasantly; and will therefore give you a few, and but a few directions how to catch him.

He will bite at a Paste made of brown bread and honey, or at a Marsh-worm, or a Lob-worm; he will bite also at a smaller worm, with his head nip'd off, and a Cod-worm put on the hook before the worm; and I doubt not but that he will also in the three hot months (for in the nine colder he stirs not much) bite at a Flag-worm, or at a green Gentle, but can positively say no more of the *Tench*, he being a fish that I have not often Angled for; but I wish my honest Scholer may, and be ever fortunate when hee fishes.

Viat. I thank you good Master: but I pray Sir, since you see it still rains *May* butter, give me some observa-

ſervations and directions concerning the *Pearch*, for they ſay he is both a very good and a bold biting fiſh, and I would faine learne to fiſh for him.

Piſc. You ſay true, Scholer, the *Pearch* is a very good, and a very bold biting fiſh, he is one of the fiſhes of prey, that, like the *Pike* and *Trout*, carries his teeth in his mouth, not in his throat, and dare venture to kill and devour another fiſh; this fiſh, and the *Pike* are (ſayes *Geſner*) the beſt of freſh water fiſh; he Spawns but once a year, and is by Phyſicians held very nutritive; yet by many to be hard of digeſtion: They abound more in the River *Poe*, and in *England*, (ſayes *Randelitius*) then other parts, and have in their brain a ſtone, which is in forrain parts ſold by Apothecaries, being there noted to be very medicinable againſt the ſtone in the reins: Theſe be a part of the commendati-

ons which ſome Philoſophycal brain have beſtowed upon the freſh-water *Pearch*, yet they commend the Sea *Pearch*, which is known by having but one fin on his back, (of which they ſay, we *Engliſh* ſee but a few) to be a much better fiſh.

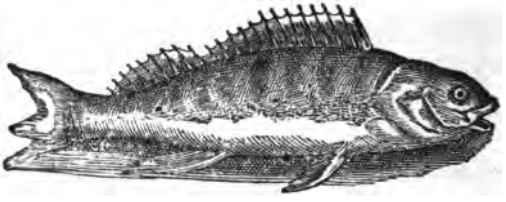
The *Pearch* grows ſlowly, yet will grow, as I have been credibly informed, to be almoſt two foot long; for my Informer told me, ſuch a one was not long ſince taken by Sir *Abraham Williams*, a Gentleman of worth, and a lover of Angling, that yet lives, and I wiſh he may: this was a deep bodied fiſh; and doubtleſs durſt have devoured a *Pike* of half his own length; for I have told you, he is a bold fiſh, ſuch a one, as but for extreme hunger, the *Pike* will not devour; for to affright the *Pike*, the *Pearch* will ſet up his fins, much like as a *Turkie-Cock* wil ſometimes ſet up his tail.

But, my Scholer, the *Pearch* is not

not only valiant to defend himſelf, but he is (as you ſaid) a bold biting fiſh, yet he he will not bite at all ſeaſons of the yeer; he is very abſtemious in Winter; and hath been obſerved by ſome, not uſually to bite till the *Mulberry tree* buds, that is to ſay, till extreme Froſts be paſt for that Spring; for when the *Mulberry tree* bloſſomes, many Gardners obſervetheir forward fruit to be paſt the danger of Froſts, and ſome have made the like obſervation of the *Pearches* biting.

But bite the *Pearch* will, and that very boldly, and as one has wittily obſerved, if there be twentie or fortie in a hole, they may be at one ſtanding all catch'd one aſter another; they being, as he ſaies, like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellowes and companions periſh in their ſigh

And the baits for this bold fiſh



are not many; I mean, he will bite as well at ſome, or at any of theſe three, as at any or all others whatſoever; a *Worm*, a *Minnow*, or a little *Frog* (of which you may find many in hay time) and of *worms*, the Dunghill worm, called a *brandling*, I take to be beſt, being well ſcowred in Moſs or Fennel; and if you fiſh for a *Pearch* with a *Minnow*, then it is beſt to be alive. you ſticking your

your hook through his back fin, and letting him ſwim up and down about mid-water, or a little lower, and you ſtill keeping him to about that depth, by a Cork, which ought not to be a very light one: and the like way you are to fiſh for the *Pearch* with a ſmall *Frog*, your hook being faſtened through the skin of his leg, towards the upper part of it: And laſtly, I will give you but this adviſe, that you give the *Pearch* time enough when he bites, for there was ſcarſe ever any *Angler* that has given him too much. And now I think beſt to reſt my ſelfe, for I have almoſt ſpent my ſpirits with talking ſo long.

Viat. Nay, good Maſter, one fiſh more, for you ſee it rains ſtill, and you know our Angles are like money put to uſury; they may thrive though we ſit ſtill and do nothing, but talk & enjoy one another.

Come, come the other fish, good Master.

Pisc. But Scholer, have you nothing to mix with this Discourse, which now grows both tedious and tiresome? shall I have nothing from you that seems to have both a good memorie, and a chearful Spirit?

Viat. Yes, Master, I will speak you a Coppie of Verses that were made by Doctor *Donne*, and made to shew the world that hee could make soft and smooth Verses, when he thought them fit and worth his labour; and I love them the better, because they allude to Rivers, and fish, and fishing. They bee these:

Come live with me; and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, and Christal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There

There will the River wispering run,
Warm'd by thy eyes more then the Sun;
And there th' inamel'd fish wil stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath
Most amorously to thee will swim,
Gladder to catch thee, then thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, beest loath
By Sun or Moon, thou darknest both;
And, if mine eyes have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with Angling Reeds,
And cut their legs with shels & weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snares, or windowy net.

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
The bedded fish in banks outwrest,
Let curious Traitors sleave silk flies,
To 'witch poor wandring fishes eyes.

For

For thee, thou needſt no ſuch deceit,
For thou thyſelf art thine own bait;
Tha fiſh that is not catch'd ther eby,
Is wiſer far, alas, then I.

Piſc. Well remembred, honeſt Scholer, I thank you for theſe choice Verſes, which I have heard formerly, but had quite forgot, till they were recovered by your happie memorie. Well, being I have now reſted my ſelf a little, I will make you ſome requital, by telling you ſome obſervations of the *Eele*, for it rains ſtill, and (as you ſay) our Angles are as money put to Uſe, that thrive when we play.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

IT is agreed by moſt men, that the *Eele* is both a good and a moſt daintie fiſh; but moſt men differ about his breeding; ſome ſay, they breed by generation as other fiſh do; and others, that they breed (as ſome worms do) out of the putrifaction of the earth, and divers other waies; thoſe that denie them to breed by generation, as other fiſh do, ask, if any man ever ſaw an *Eel* to have Spawn or Melt? and they are anſwered, That they may be as certain of their breeding, as if they had ſeen Spawn; for they ſay, that they are certain that *Eeles* have all parts fit for generation, like other fiſh, but ſo ſmal as not to be eaſily diſcerned, by reaſon of their fatneſs; but that diſcerned they may be

be; and that the Hee and the She *Eele* may be diſtinguiſhed by their fins.

And others ſay, that *Eeles* growing old, breed other *Eeles* out of the corruption of their own age, which Sir *Francis Bacon* ſayes, exceeds not ten years. And others ſay, that *Eeles* are bred of a particular dew falling in the Months of *May* or *June* on the banks of ſome particular Ponds or Rivers (apted by nature for that end) which in a few dayes is by the Suns heat turned into *Eeles*. I have ſeen in the beginning of *July*, in a River not far from *Canterbury*, ſome parts of it covered over with young *Eeles* about the thickneſs of a ſtraw; and theſe *Eeles* did lye on the top of that water, as thick as motes are ſaid to be in the Sun; and I have heard the like of other Rivers, as namely, in *Severn*, and in a *pond* or *Mere* in *Stafford-ſhire*, where about a ſet time in Summer, ſuch ſmall

Eeles

Eeles abound ſo much, that many of the poorer ſort of people, that inhabit near to it, take ſuch *Eeles* out of this Mere, with ſieves or ſheets, and make a kind of *Eele-cake* of them, and eat it like as bread. And *Geſner* quotes venerable *Bede* to ſay, that in *England* there is an Iland called *Ely*, by reaſon of the innumerable number of *Eeles* that breed in it. But that *Eeles* may be bred as ſome worms and ſome kind of *Bees* and *Waſps* are, either of dew, or out of the corruption of the earth, ſeems to be made probable by the *Barnacles* and young *Goſlings* bred by the Suns heat and the rotten planks of an old Ship, and hatched of trees, both which are related for truths by *Dubartas*, and our learned *Cambden*, and laborious *Gerrard* in his *Herball.*

It is ſaid by *Randelitius*, that thoſe *Eeles* that are bred in Rivers, that relate to, or be neer to the Sea, never

ver return to the freſh waters (as the *Salmon* does alwaies deſire to do) when they have once taſted the ſalt water; and I do the more eaſily believe this, becauſe I am certain that powdered Bief is a moſt excellent bait to catch an *Eele*: and Sr. *Francis Bacon* will allow the *Eeles* life to be but ten years; yet he in his Hiſtory of Life and Death, mentions a *Lamprey*, belonging to the *Roman* Emperor, to be made tame, and ſo kept for almoſt three ſcore yeers; and that ſuch uſeful and pleaſant obſervations were made of this *Lamprey*, that *Craſſus* the Oratour (who kept her) lamented her death.

It is granted by all, or moſt men, that *Eeles*, for about ſix months (that is to ſay, the ſix cold months of the yeer) ſtir not up and down, neither in the Rivers nor the Pools in which they are, but get into the ſoft earth or mud, and there many of them together bed themſelves, and live with-

without feeding upon any thing (as I have told you ſome *Swallows* have been obſerved to do in hollow trees for thoſe ſix cold months); and this the *Eele* and *Swallow* do, as not being able to endure winter weather; for *Geſner* quotes *Albertus* to ſay, that in the yeer 1125 (that years winter being more cold then uſual) *Eeles* did by natures inſtinct get out of the water into a ſtack of hay in a Meadow upon dry ground, and there bedded themſelves, but yet at laſt died there. I ſhall ſay no more of the *Eele*, but that, as it is obſerved, he is impatient of cold, ſo it has been obſerved, that in warm weather an *Eele* has been known to live five days out of the water. And laſtly, let me tell you, that ſome curious ſearchers into the natures of fiſh, obſerve that there be ſeveral ſorts or kinds of *Eeles*, as the *ſilver-Eele*, and green or *greeniſh Eel* (with which the River of Thames abounds, and are

are called *Gregs*); and a blackiſh *Eele*, whoſe head is more flat and bigger then ordinary *Eeles*; and alſo an *Eele* whoſe fins are rediſh, and but ſeldome taken in this Nation (and yet taken ſometimes): Theſe ſeveral kinds of *Eeles*, are (ſay ſome) diverſly bred; as namely, out of the corruption of the earth, and by dew, and other wayes (as I have ſaid to you:) and yet it is affirmedby ſome, that for a certain, the *Silver-Eele* breeds by generation, but not by Spawning as other fiſh do, but that her Brood come alive from her no bigger nor longer then a pin, and I have had too many teſtimonies of this to doubt the truth of it.

And this *Eele* of which I have ſaid ſo much to you,may be caught with divers kinds of baits; as namely, with powdered Bief, with a *Lob* or *Garden-worm*, with a *Minnow*, or gut of a *Hen,Chicken*, or with almoſt any

any thing, for he is a greedy fiſh: but the *Eele* ſeldome ſtirs in the day, but then hides himſelfe, and therefore he is uſually caught by night, with one of theſe baits of which I have ſpoken, and then caught by laying hooks, which you are to faſten to the bank, or twigs of a tree; or by throwing a ſtring croſs the ſtream, with many hooks at it, and baited with the foreſaid baits, and a clod or plummet, or ſtone, thrown into the River with this line, that ſo you may in the morning find it neer to ſome fixt place, and then take it up with a drag-hook or otherwiſe: but theſe things are indeed too common to be ſpoken of; and an hours fiſhing with any *Angler* will teach you better, both for theſe, and many other common things in the practical part of *Angling*, then a weeks diſcourſe. I ſhall therefore conclude this direction for taking the *Eele*, by telling you, that in a warm

day in Summer, I have taken many a good *Eele* by *ſnigling*, and have been much pleaſed with that ſport.

And becauſe you that are but a young Angler, know not what *ſnigling* is, I wil now teach it to you: you remember I told you that *Eeles* do not uſually ſtir in the day time, for then they hide themſelvs under ſome covert, or under boards, or planks about Floud-gates, or Weirs, or Mils, or in holes in the River banks; and you obſerving your time in a warm day, when the water is loweſt, may take a hook tied to a ſtrong line, or to a ſtring about a yard long, and then into one of theſe holes, or between any boards about a Mill, or under any great ſtone or plank, or any place where you think an *E le* may hide or ſhelter her ſelfe, there with the help of a ſhort ſtick put in your bait, but leiſurely, and as far as vou may conveniently; and it is

ſcarce

ſcarce to be doubted, but that if there be an *Eel* within the ſight of it, the *Eele* will bite inſtantly, and as certainly gorge it; and you need not doubt to have him, if you pull him not out of the hole too quickly, but pull him out by degrees, for he lying folded double in his hole, will, with the help of his taile, break all, unleſs you give him time to be wearied with pulling, and ſo get him out by degrees; not pulling too hard. And thus much for this preſent time concerning the *Eele*: I wil next tel you a little of the *Barbell*, and hope with a little diſcourſe of him, to have an end of this ſhowr, and fal to fiſhing, for the weather clears up a little.

CHAP. XI.

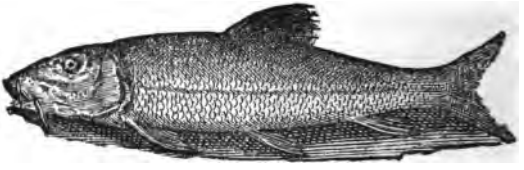
Pisc. THE *Barbell*, is so called (sayes *Gesner*) from or by reason of his beard, or wattles at his mouth, his mouth being under his nose or chaps, and he is one of the leather mouthed fish that has his teeth in his throat, he loves to live in very swift streams, and where it is gravelly, and in the gravel will root or dig with his nose like a Hog, and there nest himself, taking so fast hold of any weeds or moss that grows on stones, or on piles about *Weirs*, or *Floud-gates*, or *Bridges*, that the water is not able, be it never so swift, to force him from the place which he seems to contend for: this is his constant custome in Summer, when both he, and most living creatures joy and sport themselves

ſelves in the Sun; but at the approach of Winter, then he forſakes the ſwift ſtreams and ſhallow waters, and by degrees retires to thoſe parts of the River that are quiet and deeper; in which places, (and I think about that time) he Spawns; and as I have formerly told you, with the help of the Melter, hides his Spawn or eggs in holes, which they both dig in the gravel, and then they mutually labour to cover it with the ſame ſand to prevent it from being devoured by other fiſh.

There be ſuch ſtore of this fiſh in the River *Danubie*, that *Randelitius* ſayes, they may in ſome places of it, and in ſome months of the yeer, be taken by thoſe that dwel neer to the River, with their hands, eight or ten load at a time; he ſayes, they begin to be good in *May*, and that they ceaſe to be ſo in *Auguſt*; but it is found to be otherwiſe in this Nation: but thus far we agree with him, that the

Spawne of a *Barbell* is, if he not poiſon, as he ſayes, yet that it is dangerous meat, and eſpecially in the month of *May*; and *Geſner* declares, it had an ill effect upon him, to the indangering of his life.

This fiſh is of a fine caſt and handſome ſhape,



and may be rather ſaid not to be ill, then to bee good meat; the *Chub* and he have (I think) both loſt a part of their credit by ill Cookery, they

they being reputed the worſt or coarſeſt of freſh water fiſh: but the *Barbell* affords an *Angler* choice ſport, being a luſtie and a cunning fiſh; ſo luſtie and cunning as to endanger the breaking of the Anglers line, by running his head forcibly towards any covert or hole, or bank, and then ſtriking at the line, to break it off with his tail (as is obſerved by *Plutark*, in his book *De induſtria animalium*) and alſo ſo cunning to nibble and ſuck off your worme cloſe to the hook, and yet avoid the letting the hook come into his mouth.

The *Barbell* is alſo curious for his baits, that is to ſay, that they be clean and ſweet; that is to ſay, to have your worms well ſcowred, and not kept in ſowre or muſtie moſs; for at a well ſcowred Lob-worm, he will bite as boldly as at any bait, eſpecially, if the night or two before you fiſh for him, you ſhall bait the

places where you intend to fiſh for him with big worms cut into pieces; and Gentles (not being too much ſcowred, but green) are a choice bait for him, and ſo is cheeſe, which is not to be too hard, but kept a day or two in a wet linnen cloth to make it tough; with this you may alſo bait the water a day or two before you fiſh for the *Barbel*, and be much the likelier to catch ſtore; and if the cheeſe were laid in clarified honey a ſhort time before (as namely, an hour or two) you were ſtill the likelier to catch fiſh; ſome have directed to cut the cheeſe into thin pieces, and toſte it, and then tye it on the hook with fine Silk: and ſome adviſe to fiſh for the *Barbell* with Sheeps tallow and ſoft cheeſe beaten or work'd into a Paſte, and that it is choicely good in *Auguſt*; and I believe it: but doubtleſs the Lob-worm well ſcoured, and the Gentle not too much ſcowred, and cheeſe ordered

ordered as I have directed, are baits enough, and I think will ſerve in any Month; though I ſhall commend any Angler that tryes concluſions, and is induſtrious to improve the Art. And now, my honeſt Scholer, the long ſhowre, and my tedious diſcourſe are both ended together; and I ſhall give you but this Obſervation, That when you fiſh for a *Barbell*, your Rod and Line be both long, and of good ſtrength, for you will find him a heavy and a doged fiſh to be dealt withal, yet he ſeldom or never breaks his hold if he be once ſtrucken.

And now lets go and ſee what intereſt the *Trouts* will pay us for letting our *Angle-rods* lye ſo long and ſo quietly in the water. Come, Scholer; which will you take up?

Viat. Which you think fit, Maſter.

Piſc. Why, you ſhall take up that; for I am certain by viewing the

the Line, it has a fish at it. Look you, Scholer, well done. Come now, take up the other too; well, now you may tell my brother *Peter* at night, that you have caught a lease of *Trouts* this day. And now lets move toward our lodging, and drink a draught of *Red-Cows milk*, as we go, and give pretty *Maudlin* and her mother a brace of *Trouts* for their supper.

Viat. Master, I like your motion very well, and I think it is now about milking time, and yonder they be at it.

Pisc. God speed you good woman, I thank you both for our Songs last night; I and my companion had such fortune a fishing this day, that we resolve to give you and *Maudlin* a brace of *Trouts* for supper, and we will now taste a draught of your *Red Cows milk.*

Milkw. Marry, and that you shal with all my heart, and I will be still

your

your debtor: when you come next this way, if you will but ſpeak the word, I will make you a good *Silla-bub*, and then you may ſit down in a *Hay-cock* and eat it, and *Maudlin* ſhal ſit by and ſing you the good old Song of the *Hunting in Chevy Chaſe*, or ſome other good Ballad, for ſhe hath good ſtore of them: *Maud-lin* hath a notable memory.

Viat. We thank you, and intend once in a Month to call upon you again, and give you a little warning, and ſo good night; good night *Maudlin*. And now, good Maſter, lets loſe no time, but tell me ſome-what more of fiſhing; and if you pleaſe, firſt ſomething of fiſhing for a *Gudgion*.

Piſc. I will, honeſt Scholer. The *Gudgion* is an excellent fiſh to eat, and good alſo to enter a young *Angler*; he is eaſie to bee taken with a ſmal red worm at the ground and is one of thoſe leather mouthed

fiſh

fiſh that has his teeth in his throat and will hardly be loſt off from the hook if he be once ſtrucken: they be uſually ſcattered up and down every River in the ſhallows, in the heat of Summer; but in *Autome*, when the weeds begin to grow ſowre or rot, and the weather colder, then they gather together, and get into the deeper parts of the water, and are to be fiſh'd for there, with your hook alwaies touching the ground, if you fiſh for him with a flote or with a cork; but many will fiſh for the *Gudgion* by hand, with a running line upon the ground without a cork as a *Trout* is fiſhed for, and it is an excellent way.

There is alſo another fiſh called a *Pope*, and by ſome a *Ruſſe*, a fiſh that is not known to be in ſome Rivers; it is much like the *Pearch* for his ſhape, but will not grow to be bigger then a *Gudgion*; he is an excellent fiſh, no fiſh that ſwims is of a pleaſanter

pleaſanter taſte; and he is alſo excellent to enter a young *Angler*, for he is a greedy biter, and they will uſually lye abundance of them together in one reſerved place where the water is deep, and runs quietly, and an eaſie Angler, if he has found where they lye, may catch fortie or fiftie, or ſometimes twice ſo many at a ſtanding.

There is alſo a *Bleak*, a fiſh that is ever in motion, and therefore called by ſome the River Swallow; for juſt as you ſhall obſerve the *Swallow* to be moſt evenings in Summer ever in motion, making ſhort and quick turns when he flies to catch flies in the aire, by which he lives, ſo does the *Bleak* at the top of the water; and this fiſh is beſt caught with a fine ſmal Artificial Fly, which is to be of a brown colour, and very ſmal, and the hook anſwerable: There is no better ſport then whipping for *Bleaks* in a boat in a Sum-

mers

mers evening, with a hazle top about five or ſix foot long, and a line twice the length of the Rod. I have heard Sir *Henry Wotton* ſay, that there be many that in *Italy* will catch *Swallows* ſo, or eſpecially *Martins* (the Bird-Angler ſtanding on the top of a Steeple to do it, and with a line twice ſo long, as I have ſpoke of) and let me tell you, Scholer, that both *Martins* and *Blekes* be moſt excellent meat.

I might now tell you how to catch *Roch* and *Dace*, and ſome other fiſh of little note, that I have not yet ſpoke of; but you ſee we are almoſt at our lodging, and indeed if we were not, I would omit to give you any directions concerning them, or how to fiſh for them, not but that they be both good fiſh (being in ſeaſon) and eſpecially to ſome palates, and they alſo make the Angler good ſport (and you know the Hunter ſayes, there is more ſport in hunting the

the Hare, then in eating of her) but I will forbear to give you any direction concerning them, becauſe you may go a few dayes and take the pleaſure of the freſh aire, and bear any common Angler company that fiſhes for them, and by that means learn more then any direction I can give you in words, can make you capable of; and I will therefore end my diſcourſe, for yonder comes our brother *Peter* and honeſt *Coridon*, but I will promiſe you that as you and I fiſh, and walk to morrow towards *London*, if I have now forgotten any thing that I can then remember, I will not keep it from you.

Well met, Gentlemen, this is luckie that we meet ſo juſt together at this very door. Come Hoſtis, where are you? is Supper ready? come, firſt give us drink, and be as quick as you can, for I believe wee are all very hungry. Wel, brother

Peter,

Peter and *Coridon* to you both; come drink, and tell me what luck of fish: we two have caught but ten *Trouts*, of which my Scholer caught three; look here's eight, and a brace we gave away: we have had a most pleasant day for fishing, and talking, and now returned home both weary and hungry, and now meat and rest will be pleasant.

Pet. And *Coridon* and I have not had an unpleasant day, and yet I have caught but five *Trouts*; for indeed we went to a good honest Alehouse, and there we plaid at shovelboard half the day; all the time that it rained we were there, and as merry as they that fish'd, and I am glad we are now with a dry house over our heads, for heark how it rains and blows. Come Hostis, give us more Ale, and our Supper with what haste you may, and when we have sup'd, lets have your Song, *Piscator*, and the Ketch that your Scholer promised

fed us, or elſe *Coridon* wil be doged.

Piſc. Nay, I will not be worſe then my word, you ſhall not want my Song, and I hope I ſhall be perfect in it.

Viat. And I hope the like for my Ketch, which I have ready too, and therefore lets go merrily to Supper, and then have a gentle touch at ſinging and drinking; but the laſt with moderation.

Cor. Come, now for your Song, for we have fed heartily. Come Hoſtis, give us a little more drink, and lay a few more ſticks on the fire, and now ſing when you will.

Piſc. Well then, here's to you *Coridon*; and now for my Song.

Oh the brave Fiſher's life,
It is the beſt of any,
'Tis full of pleaſure, void of ſtrife,
And 'tis belov'd of many:
Other joyes
are but toyes,

only this
lawful is,
for our skil
breeds no ill,
but content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise
Ere Aurora's *peeping,*
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping;
Then we go
too and fro,
with our knacks
at our backs,
to such streams
as the Thames
if we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation:
Where in a Brook
with a hook,
or a Lake
fish we take,

there

there we sit
for a bit,
till we fish intangle.

We have Gentles in a horn,
We have Paste and worms too,
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too:
None do here
use to swear,
oathes do fray
fish away,
we sit still,
watch our quill,
Fishers must not rangle,

If the Suns excessive heat
Makes our bodies swelter
To an Osier *hedge we get*
For a friendly shelter,
where in a dike
Pearch *or* Pike,
Roch *or* Dace
we do chase
Bleak *or* Gudgion
without grudging,
we are still contented.

Or we ſometimes paſs an hour,
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a ſhowr,
Making earth our pillow,
There we may
think and pray
before death
ſtops our breath;
other joyes
are but toyes
and to be lamented.

Viat. Well ſung, Maſter; this dayes fortune and pleaſure, and this nights company and Song, do all make me more and more in love with *Angling*. Gentlemen, my Maſter left me alone for an hour this day, and I verily believe he retir'd himſelf from talking with me, that he might be ſo perfect in this Song; was it not Maſter?

Piſc. Yes indeed, for it is many yeers ſince I learn'd it, and having forgotten a part of it, I was forced to patch it up by the help of my own in-

invention, who am not excellent at Poetry, as my part of the Song may teſtifie: But of that I will ſay no more, leaſt you ſhould think I mean by diſcommending it, to beg your commendations of it. And therefore without replications, lets hear your Ketch, Scholer, which I hope will be a good one, for you are both Muſical, and have a good fancie to boot.

Viat. Marry, and that you ſhall, and as freely as I would have my honeſt Maſter tel me ſome more ſecrets of fiſh and fiſhing as we walk and fiſh towards *London* to morrow. But Maſter, firſt let me tell you, that that very hour which you were abſent from me, I ſate down under a Willow tree by the water ſide, and conſidered what you had told me of the owner of that pleaſant Meadow in which you then left me, that he had a plentiful eſtate, and not a heart to think ſo; that he had at this time many Law Suites depending, and

that they both damp'd his mirth and took up ſo much of his time and thoughts, that he himſelfe had not leiſure to take the ſweet content that I, who pretended no title, took in his fields; for I could there ſit quietly, and looking on the water, ſee fiſhes leaping at Flies of ſeveral ſhapes and colours; looking on the Hils, could behold them ſpotted with Woods and Groves; looking down the Meadows, could ſee here a Boy gathering *Lillies* and *Lady-ſmocks*, and there a Girle cropping *Culverkeys* and *Cowſlips*, all to make Garlands ſutable to this pleaſant Month of *May*; theſe and many other Field-flowers ſo perfum'd the air, that I thought this Meadow like the field in *Sicily* (of which *Diodorus* ſpeaks) where the perfumes ariſing from the place, makes all dogs that hunt in it, to fall off, and to loſe their hotteſt ſent. I ſay, as I thus ſate joying in mine own happy condition, and pittying that rich mans that ought

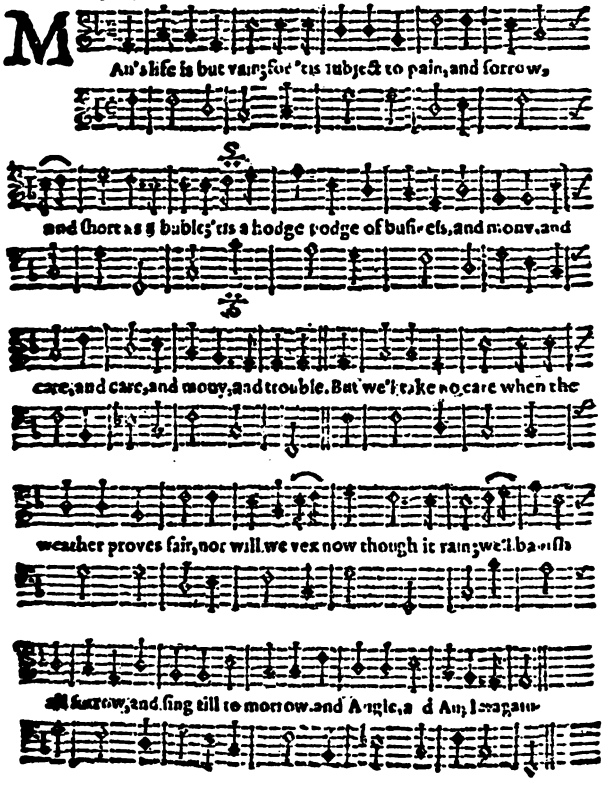
ought this, and many other pleasant Groves and Meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that *the meek possess the earth*; for indeed they are free from those high, those restless thoughts and contentions which corrode the sweets of life. For they, and they only, can say as the Poet has happily exprest it.

Hail blest estate of poverty!
Happy enjoyment of such minds,
As rich in low contentedness.
Can, like the reeds in roughest winds,
By yeelding make that blow but smal
At which proud Oaks and Cedars fal.

Gentlemen, these were a part of the thoughts that then possest me, and I there made a conversion of a piece of an old Ketch, and added more to it, fitting them to be sung by us Anglers: Come, Master, you can sing well, you must sing a part of it as it is in this paper.

The ANGLERS Song.

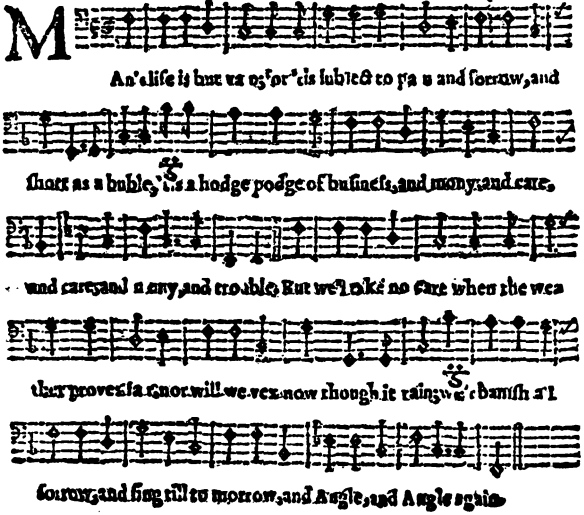
For two Voices, Treble and Bass. CANTUS. Mr. *Henry Lawes*



The ANGLERS *Song.*

BASSUS.

For two Voyces. By Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



Pet. I marry Sir, this is Muſick indeed, this has cheered my heart, and made me to remember ſix Verſes in praiſe of Muſick, which I will ſpeak to you inſtantly.

Muſick, miraculous Rhetorick, that ſpeak'ſt ſenſe
Without a tongue, excelling eloquence;
With what eaſe might thy errors be excuſ'd
Wert thou as truly lov'd as th'art abuſ'd.
But though dull ſouls neglect, and ſome reprove thee,
I cannot hate thee, 'cauſe the Angels love thee.

Piſcat. Well remembred, brother *Peter*, theſe Verſes came ſeaſonably. Come, we will all joine together, mine Hoſte and all, and ſing my Scholers Ketch over again, and then each man drink the tother cup and to bed, and thank God we have a dry houſe over our heads.

Piſc. Well now, good night to every body.

Pet. And ſo ſay I.

Viat. And ſo ſay I.

Cor.

Cor. Good night to you all, and I thank you.

Pisc. Good morrow brother *Peter*, and the like to you, honest *Coridon*; come, my Hostis sayes there s seven shillings to pay, lets each man drink a pot for his mornings draught, and lay downe his two shillings, that so my Hostis may not have occasion to repent her self of being so diligent, and using us so kindly.

Pet. The motion is liked by every body; And so Hostis, here's your mony, we Anglers are all beholding to you, it wil not be long ere Ile see you again. And now brother *Piscator*, I wish you and my brother your Scholer a fair day, and good fortune. Come *Coridon*, this is our way.

CHAP.

CHAP XII

Viat. GOod Maſter, as we go now towards *London*, be ſtill ſo courteous as to give me more inſtructions, for I have ſeveral boxes in my memory in which I will keep them all very ſafe, there ſhall not one of them be loſt.

Piſc. Well Scholer, that I will, and I will hide nothing from you that I can remember, and may help you forward towards a perfection in this Art; and becauſe we have ſo much time, and I have ſaid ſo little of *Roch* and *Dace*, I will give you ſome directions concerning ſome ſeveral kinds of baits with which they be uſually taken; they will bite almoſt at any flies, but eſpecially at Ant-

Ant-flies; concerning which, take this direction, for it is very good.

Take the blackish *Ant-fly* out of the Mole-hill, or Ant-hil, in which place you shall find them in the Months of *June*; or if that be too early in the yeer, then doubtless you may find them in *July*, *August*, and most of *September*; gather them alive with both their wings, and then put them into a glass, that will hold a quart or a pottle; but first, put into the glass, a handful or more of the moist earth out of which you gather them, and as much of the roots of the grass of the said Hillock; and then put in the flies gently, that they lose not their wings, and so many as are put into the glass without bruising, will live there a month or more, and be alwaies in a readiness for you to fish with; but if you would have them keep longer, then get any great earthen pot or barrel

of

of three or four gallons (which is better) then wash your barrel with water and honey; and having put into it a quantitie of earth and grass roots, then put in your flies and cover it, and they will live a quarter of a year; these in any stream and clear water are a deadly bait for *Roch* or *Dace*, or for a *Chub*, and your rule is to fish not less then a handful from the bottom.

I shall next tell you a winter bait for a *Roch*, a *Dace*, or *Chub*, and it is choicely good. About *All-hollantide* (and so till Frost comes) when you see men ploughing up heath-ground, or sandy ground, or greenswards, then follow the plough, and you shall find a white worm, as big as two Magots, and it hath a red head, (you may observe in what ground most are, for there the Crows will be very watchful, and follow the Plough very close) it is all soft, and full of whitish guts; a

worm

worm that is in Norfolk, and ſome other Countries called a *Grub*, and is bred of the ſpawn or eggs of a Beetle, which ſhe leaves in holes that ſhe digs in the ground under Cow or Horſe-dung, and there reſts all Winter, and in *March* or *April* comes to be firſt a red, and then a black Beetle: gather a thouſand or two of theſe, and put them with a peck or two of their own earth into ſome tub or firkin, and cover and keep them ſo warm, that the froſt or cold air, or winds kill them not, and you may keep them all winter and kill fiſh with them at any time, and if you put ſome of them into a little earth and honey a day before you uſe them, you will find them an excellent baite for *Breame* or *Carp*.

And after this manner you may alſo keep *Gentles* all winter, which is a good bait then, and much the better for being lively and tuffe, or

you

you may breed and keep Gentle thus: Take a piece of beasts liver and with a cross stick, hang it in some corner over a pot or barrel half full of dry clay, and as the Gentles grow big, they wil fall into the barrel and scowre themselves, and be alwayes ready for use whensoever you incline to fish; and these Gentles may be thus made til after *Michaelmas*: But if you desire to keep Gentles to fish with all the yeer, then get a dead *Cat* or a *Kite*, and let it be fly-blowne, and when the Gentles begin to be alive and to stir, then bury it and them in moist earth, but as free from frost as you can, and these you may dig up at any time when you intend to use them; these wil last till *March*, and about that time turn to be flies.

But if you be nice to fowl your fingers (which good Anglers seldome are) then take this bait: Get a handful of well made Mault, and put

put it into a diſh of water, and then waſh and rub it betwixt your hands til you make in cleane, and as free from husks as you can; then put that water from it, and put a ſmal quantitie of freſh water to it, and ſet it in ſomething that is fit for that purpoſe, over the fire, where it is not to boil apace, but leiſurely, and very ſoftly, until it become ſomewhat ſoft, which you may try by feeling it betwixt your finger and thumb; and when it is ſoft, then put your water from it, and then take a ſharp knife, and turning the ſprout end of the corn upward, with the point of your knife take the back part of the husk off from it, and yet leaving a kind of husk on the corn, or elſe it is marr'd; and then cut off that ſprouted end (I mean a little of it) that the vvhite may appear, and ſo pull off the husk on the cloven ſide (as I directed you) and then cutting off a very little of the other end, that

ſo your hook may enter, and if your hook be ſmall and good, you will find this to be a very choice bait either for Winter or Summer, you ſometimes caſting a little of it into the place where your flote ſwims.

And to take the *Roch* and *Dace*, a good bait is the young brood of Waſps or Bees, baked or hardned in their husks in an Oven, after the bread is taken out of it, or on a fire-ſhovel; and ſo alſo is the thick blood of *Sheep*, being half dryed on a trencher that you may cut it into ſuch pieces as may beſt fit the ſize of your hook, and a little ſalt keeps it from growing black, and makes it not the worſe but better; this is taken to be a choice bait, if rightly ordered.

There be ſeveral Oiles of a ſtrong ſmel that I have been told of, and to be excellent to tempt fiſh to bite, of which I could ſay much, but I remember I once carried a ſmall bottle

bottle from Sir *George Haſtings* to Sir *Henry Wotton* (they were both chimical men) as a great preſent; but upon enquiry, I found it did not anſwer the expectation of Sir *Henry*, which with the help of other circumſtances, makes me have little belief in ſuch things as many men talk of; not but that I think fiſhes both ſmell and hear (as I have expreſt in my former diſcourſe) but there is a myſterious knack, which (though it be much eaſier then the Philoſophers-Stone, yet) is not atainable by common capacities, or elſe lies locked up in the braine or breſt of ſome chimical men, that, like the *Roſi-crutions*, yet will not reveal it. But I ſtepped by chance into this diſcourſe of Oiles, and fiſhes ſmelling; and though there might be more ſaid, both of it, and of baits for *Roch* and *Dace*, and other flote fiſh, yet I will forbear it at this time, and tell you in the next place how

you are to prepare your tackling: concerning which I will for ſport ſake give you an old Rhime out of an old Fiſh-book, which will be a part of what you are to provide.

My rod, and my line, my flote and my lead,
My hook, & my plummet, my whetſtone & knife,
My Basket, my baits, both living and dead,
My net, and my meat, for that is the chief;
Then I muſt have thred & hairs great & ſmal,
With mine Angling purſe, and ſo you have all.

But you muſt have all theſe tackling, and twice ſo many more, with which, if you mean to be a fiſher, you muſt ſtore your ſelfe: and to that purpoſe I will go with you either to *Charles Brandons* (neer to the *Swan* in *Golding-lane*); or to Mr. *Fletchers* in the Court which did once belong to Dr. *Nowel* the Dean of *Pauls*, that I told you was a good man, and a good Fiſher; it is hard by the weſt end

end of Saint *Pauls* Church: they be both honeſt men, and will fit an Angler with what tackling hee wants.

Viat. Then, good Maſter, let it be at *Charles Brandons*, for he is neereſt to my dwelling, and I pray lets meet there the ninth of *May* next about two of the Clock, and I'l want nothing that a Fiſher ſhould be furniſhed with.

Piſc. Well, and Ile not fail you, God willing, at the time and place appointed.

Viat. I thank you, good Maſter, and I will not fail you: and good Maſter, tell me what baits more you remember, for it wil not now be long ere we ſhal be at *Totenham High-Croſs*, and when we come thither, I wil make you ſome requital of your pains, by repeating as choice a copy of Verſes, as any we have heard ſince we met toge-

ther, and that is a proud word; for wee have heard very good ones.

Pisc. Wel, Scholer, and I shal be right glad to hear them; and I wil tel you whatsoever comes in my mind, that I think may be worth your hearing: you may make another choice bait thus, Take a handful or two of the best and biggest *Wheat* you can get, boil it in a little milk like as Frumitie is boiled, boil it so till it be soft, and then fry it very leisurely with honey, and a little beaten *Saffron* dissolved in milk, and you wil find this a choice bait, and good I think for any fish, especially for *Roch*, *Dace*, *Chub* or *Greyling*; I know not but that it may be as good for a River *Carp*, and especially if the ground be a little baited with it.

You are also to know, that there be divers kinds of *Cadis*, or *Case-*

worms

worms, that are to bee found in this Nation in ſeveral diſtinct Counties, & in ſeveral little Brooks that relate to bigger Rivers, as namely one *Cadis* called a *Piper*, whoſe husk or caſe is a piece of reed about an inch long or longer, and as big about as the compaſs of a two pence; theſe worms being kept three or four days in a woollen bag with ſand at the bottom of it, and the bag wet once a day, will in three or four dayes turne to be yellow; and theſe be a choice bait for the *Chub* or *Chavender*, or indeed for any great fiſh, for it is a large bait.

There is alſo a leſſer *Cadis-worm*, called a *Cock-ſpur*, being in faſhion like the ſpur of a Cock, ſharp at one end, and the caſe or houſe in which this dwels is made of ſmal *husks* and *gravel*, and *ſlime*, moſt curiouſly made of theſe, even ſo as to be wondred at, but not made by man (no

more then the neſt of a bird is: this is a choice bait for any flote fiſh, it is much leſs then the *Piper Cadis*, and to be ſo ordered; and theſe may be ſo preſerved ten, fifteen, or twentie dayes.

There is alſo another *Cadis* called by ſome a *Straw-worm*, and by ſome a *Ruffe-coate*, whoſe houſe or caſe is made of little pieces of bents and Ruſhes, and ſtraws, and water weeds, and I know not what, which are ſo knit together with condenſ'd ſlime, that they ſtick up about her husk or caſe, not unlike the *briſtles* of a *Hedg-hog*; theſe three *Cadis* are commonly taken in the beginning of Summer, and are good indeed to take any kind of fiſh with flote or otherwiſe. I might tell you of many more, which, as theſe doe early, ſo thoſe have their time of turning to be flies later in Summer; but I might loſe my ſelfe, and

and tire you by ſuch a diſcourſe, I ſhall therefore but remember you, that to know theſe, and their ſeveral kinds, and to what flies every particular *Cadis* turns, and then how to uſe them, firſt as they bee *Cadis*, and then as they be flies, is an Art, and an Art that every one that profeſſes Angling is not capable of.

But let mee tell you, I have been much pleaſed to walk quietly by a Brook with a little ſtick in my hand, with which I might eaſily take theſe, and conſider the curioſity of their compoſure; and if you ſhall ever like to do ſo, then note, that your ſtick muſt be cleft, or have a nick at one end of it, by which meanes you may with eaſe take many of them out of the water, before you have any occaſion to uſe them. Theſe, my

my honeſt Scholer, are ſome obſervations told to you as they now come ſuddenly into my memory, of which you may make ſome uſe: but for the practical part, it is that that makes an Angler; it is diligence, and obſervation, and practice that muſt do it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Pisc. WEll, Scholer, I have held you too long about these *Cadis*, and my spirits are almost spent, and so I doubt is your patience; but being we are now within sight of *Totenham*, where I first met you, and where wee are to part, I will give you a little direction how to colour the hair of which you make your lines, for that is very needful to be known of an *Angler*; and also how to paint your rod, especially your top, for a right grown top is a choice Commoditie, and should be preserved from the water soking into it, which makes it in wet weather to be heavy, and fish ill favouredly. and also to rot quickly.

Take

Take a pint of ſtrong Ale, half a pound of ſoot, and a like quantity of the juice of Walnut-tree leaves, and an equal quantitie of Allome, put theſe together into a pot, or pan, or pipkin, and boil them half an hour, and having ſo done, let it cool, and being cold, put your hair into it, and there let it lye; it wil turn your hair to be a kind of water, or glaſs colour, or greeniſh, and the longer you let it lye, the deeper coloured it will bee; you might be taught to make many other colours, but it is to little purpoſe; for doubtleſſe the water or glaſs coloured haire is the moſt choice and moſt uſeful for an *Angler*.

But if you deſire to colour haire green, then doe it thus: Take a quart of ſmal Ale, halfe a pound of Allome, then put theſe into a pan or pipkin, and your haire into it with them, then put it upon a fire and let it boile ſoftly for half an hour, and then

then take out your hair, and let it dry, and having ſo done, then take a pottle of water, and put into it two handful of Mary-golds, and cover it with a tile or what you think fit, and ſet it again on the fire, where it is to boil ſoftly for half an hour, about which time the ſcum will turn yellow, then put into it half a pound of Copporis beaten ſmal, and with it the hair that you intend to colour, then let the hair be boiled ſoftly till half the liquor be waſted, & then let it cool three or four hours with your hair in it; and you are to obſerve, that the more Copporis you put into it, the greener it will be, but doubtleſs the pale green is beſt; but if you deſire yellow hair (which is only good when the weeds rot) then put in the more *Mary-golds*, and abate moſt of the *Copporis*, or leave it out, and take a little Verdigreece in ſtead of it.

This for colouring your hair. And as for painting your rod, which muſt

be in Oyl, you muſt firſt make a ſize with glue and water, boiled together until the glue be diſſolved, and the ſize of a lie colour; then ſtrike your ſize upon the wood with a briſtle bruſh or penſil, whilſt it is hot: that being quite dry, take white lead, and a little red lead, and a little cole black, ſo much as all together will make an aſh colour, grind theſe all together with Linſeed oyle, let it be thick, and lay it thin upon the wood with a bruſh or penſil, this do for the ground of any colour to lie upon wood.

For a Green.

Take Pink and Verdigreece, and grind them together in Linſeed oyl, as thick as you can well grind it, then lay it ſmoothly on with your bruſh, and drive it thin, once doing for the moſt part will ſerve, if you lay it wel, and be ſure your firſt colour be thoroughly dry, before you lay on a ſecond.

Well

Well, Scholer, you now ſee *Totenham*, and I am weary, and therefore glad that we are ſo near it; but if I were to walk many more days with you, I could ſtil be telling you more and more of the myſterious Art of Angling; but I wil hope for another opportunitie, and then I wil acquaint you with many more, both neceſſary and true obſervations concerning fiſh and fiſhing: but now no more, lets turn into yonder Arbour, for it is a cleane and cool place.

Viat. 'Tis a faire motion, and I will requite a part of your courteſies with a bottle of *Sack*, and *Milk*, and *Oranges* and *Sugar*, which all put together, make a drink too good for any body, but us Anglers: and ſo Maſter, here is a full glaſs to you of that liquor, and when you have pledged me, I wil repeat the Verſes which I promiſed you, it is a Copy printed amongſt Sir *Henry Wot-*

tons

tons Verſes, and doubtleſs made either by him, or by a lover of Angling: Come Maſter, now drink a glaſs to me, and then I will pledge you, and fall to my repetition; it is a diſcription of ſuch Country recreations as I have enjoyed ſince I had the happineſs to fall into your company.

Quivering fears, heart tearing cares,
Anxious ſighes, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to Courts,
Fly to fond wordlings ſports,
Where ſtrain'd Sardonick ſmiles are gloſing ſtil
And grief is forc'd to laugh againſt her will.
Where mirths but Mummery,
And ſorrows only real be.

Fly from our Country paſtimes, fly,
Sad troops of humane miſery,
Come ſerene looks,
Clear as the Chriſtal Brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven that ſmiles to ſee
The rich attendance on our poverty;

Peace

Peace and a ſecure mind
Which all men ſeek, we only find.

Abuſed Mortals did you know
Where joy, hearts eaſe, and comforts grow,
You'd ſcorn proud Towers,
And ſeek them in theſe Bowers, (*ſhake,*
Where winds ſometimes our woods perhaps may
But bluſtering care could never tempeſt make,
No murmurs ere come nigh us,
Saving of Fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantaſtick Mask nor Dance,
But of our kids that friſk and prance;
Nor wars are ſeen
Unleſs upon the green
Two harmleſs Lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating, run each to his mo-
And wounds are never found, (*ther:*
Save what the Plough-ſhare gives the ground.

Here are no falſe entrapping baits
To haſten too too haſty fates
Unleſs it be
the fond credulitie

Of silly fish, which, worldling like, still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;
Nor envy, 'nless among
The birds, for price of their sweet Song.

Go, let the diving Negro *seek*
For gems hid in some forlorn creek,
We all Pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morne
Congeals upon each little spire of grasse,
Which careless Shepherds beat down as they passe,
And Gold ne're here appears
Save what the yellow Ceres *bears.*

Blest silent Groves, oh may you be
For ever mirths blest nursery,
May pure contents
for ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these Meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace stil slumber by these purling fountains
Which we may every year
find when we come a fishing here.

Pisc. Trust me, Scholer, I thank you heartily for these Verses, they be choice-

choicely good, and doubleſs made by a lover of Angling: Come, now drink a glaſs to me, and I wil requite you with a very good Copy of Verſes; it is a farewel to the vanities of the world, and ſome ſay written by *Dr. D*, but let them bee writ by whom they will, he that writ them had a brave ſoul, and muſt needs be poſſeſt with happy thoughts at the time of their compoſure.

Farwel ye guilded follies, pleaſing troubles,
Farwel ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow eccho, gold pure clay,
Honour the darling but of one ſhort day.
Beauty (th' eyes idol) but a damask'd skin,
State but a golden priſon, to live in
And torture free-born minds; imbroider'd trains
Meerly but Pageants, for proud ſwelling vains,
And blood ally'd to greatneſs, is alone
Inherited, not purchaſ'd, nor our own.
Fame, honor, beauty, ſtate, train, blood & birth,
Are but the fading bloſſomes of the earth.

I would be great, but that the Sun doth ſtill,
Level his rayes againſt the riſing hill:
I would be high, but ſee the proudeſt Oak
Moſt ſubject to the rending Thunder-ſtroke;
I would be rich, but ſee men too unkind
Dig in the bowels of the richeſt mind;
I would be wiſe, but that I often ſee
The Fox ſuſpected whilſt the Aſs goes free;
I would be fair, but ſee the fair and proud
Like the bright Sun, oft ſetting in a cloud;
I would be poor, but know the humble graſs
Still trampled on by each unworthy Aſſe:
Rich, hated; wiſe, ſuſpected; ſcorn'd, if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, ſtil envi'd more
I have wiſh'd all, but now I wiſh for neither,
Great, high, rich, wiſe, nor fair, poor I'l be rather

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauties Queen entitle me the Fair,
Fame ſpeak me fortunes Minion, could I vie
Angels w[h] India, *w*[th] *a ſpeaking eye (dumb*
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, ſtrike Juſtice
As wel as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To ſtones, by Epitaphs, be call'd great Maſter,
In the looſe Rhimes of every Poetaſter;

Could

Could I be more then any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise in all Superlatives;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Then ever fortune would have made them mine
And hold one minute of this holy leasure,
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcom pure thoughts, welcome ye silent groves,
These guests, these Courts, my soul most dearly loves,
Now the wing'd people of the Skie shall sing
My chereful Anthems to the gladsome Spring;
A Pray'r book now shall be my looking glasse,
In which I will adore sweet vertues face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no Pallace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale fac'd fears,
Then here I'l sit and sigh my hot loves folly,
And learn t'affect an holy melancholy.
And if contentment be a stranger, then
I'l nere look for it, but in heaven again.

Viat. Wel Master, these be Verses that be worthy to keep a room in every mans memory. I thank you for them, and I thank you for your many instructions, which I will not forget

forget; your company and discourse have been so pleasant, that I may truly say, I have only lived, since I enjoyed you and them, and turned Angler. I am sorry to part with you here, here in this place where I first met you, but it must be so: I shall long for the ninth of *May*, for then we are to meet at *Charls Brandons*. This intermitted time wil seem to me (as it does to men in sorrow) to pass slowly, but I wil hasten it as fast as I can by my wishes, and in the mean time *the blessing of Saint* Peters *Master be with mine*.

Pisc. And the like be upon my honest Scholer. And upon all that hate contentions, and love *quietnesse*, and *vertue*, and *Angling*.

FINIS.

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